

With their flowing locks and beards, many of today's young doctors resemble M.D.'s of the preantiseptic era of medicine. And now it seems they are carrying the problem of infection as well. A series of "staph" infections after surgery in one of the East Coast's best-known hospital centers was recently traced to the long hair of one member of a surgical team. The offender was persuaded to cut his hair and wash it daily with antiseptic shampoo. In an attempt to cope with the long-hair fashion, at least two hospitals are now using "helmets" of paper or cotton to cover hair and beard. Add a surgical mask and only the eyes are visible—but the patients are protected.

*Surgeon General
8/26/71*

SEPTEMBER 15, 1971

NAVY TIMES

Corpsmen Training As Doctors' Aides

BETHESDA, Md. — Twenty hospital corpsmen have completed the first phase of the newly created Physicians' Aid (Screen-er) Course at the National Naval Medical Center.

The two-phase course consists of four weeks of instruction at the medical center, followed by four weeks of general training in health-care service in a family practice environment and two weeks in pediatrics at the students' duty station. During the instruction, each student works under the supervision of a Navy medical officer.

When they finish the course, the students will be qualified to assist Navy physicians in the outpatient clinics of Naval hospitals.

They will take medical histories, order lab and X-ray examinations, prepare prescription refill forms and refer patients to specialty clinics.

Taking the course are: Chief

Hospital Corpsmen John P. Ables, Naval Hospital, Oakland; Frank F. Folio, NH Great Lakes, and Jay Lockridge, Naval Submarine Medical Center, Groton, Conn.; Hospital Corpsmen First Michael J. Barry, NH Long Beach; Thomas R. Barry and Richard E. Dunfori, NH San Diego; Richard L. Beck, NH Camp Pendleton; Gunnar E. Croll, NH Pensacola; and Charles E. Quinn Jr., NH, Camp Lejeune.

Also, Hospital Corpsmen Second Conrado O. Calpito, Michael L. Levin and Warren D. Smith, Naval Regional Medical Center, Portsmouth, Va.; Sean G. Heron-Vanta, NH Orlando; William Joy and Craig Mertz, NH Bethesda; Richard L. Kilburn, NH Philadelphia; John W. Leroy, NH Cherry Point; Hospital Corpsmen Third Leland W. Calhoun, NH Memphis; Thomas E. Grimes, NH Charleston, and Hospitalman Mark E. Milliken, NH Port Hueneme.

SAN LEANDRO 9 OCT 71
Daily News

Annual Amputee Veterans' Deer Hunt

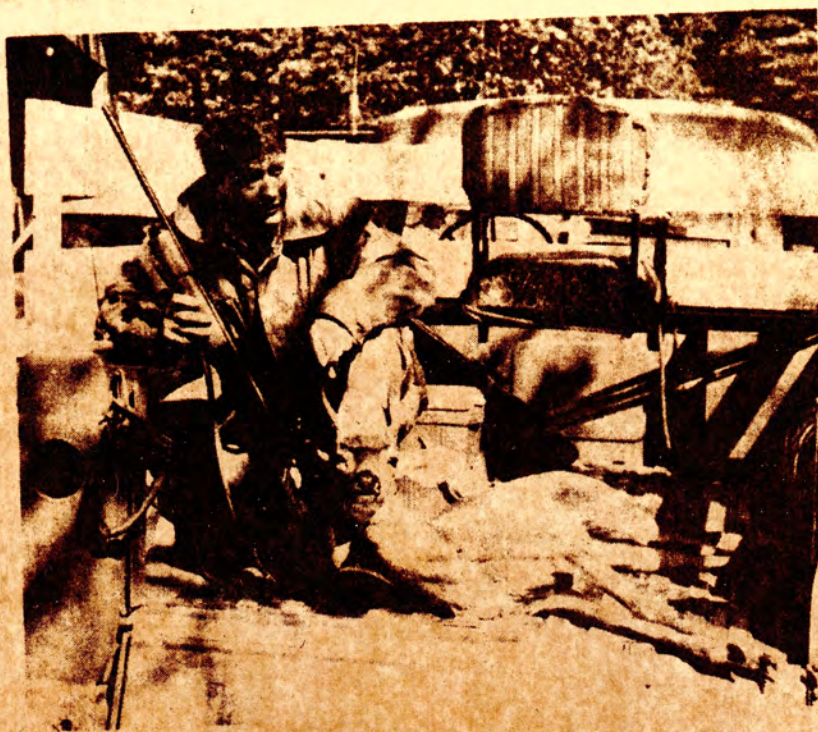
By JOHNNIE WHITE
Phone 782-4200

The voice of Mike Carey, a double amputee Viet Nam veteran came loud and clear from the bottom of a deep ravine. Mike was thrashing about in the bush, dogging out the deer hiding in the canyon. He had come on a hunt several years ago, a shy, withdrawn, uncommunicative person, obviously feeling sorry for himself. After a few months of the excellent therapy at Oak Knoll plus field trips, hunting & fishing excursions sponsored by concerned citizens, he realized that he still had a lot of living to do. Now he's going to college, living a full life and each year comes to Humboldt County to help with the Annual Amputee Veterans' Deer Hunt.

Corporal Allison adjusted himself in his wheelchair which was lashed down in the bed of a 4-wheel-drive pickup, touched off a shot and the buck ducked into some heavy brush. John Beline CM2 dropped him as he emerged, collecting for himself a beautiful 3 point trophy.

Thus started the 5th Annual Hunt sponsored by the citizens of Humboldt County for Amputee Viet Nam Veterans, patients at the Oakland Naval Hospital. We started the Safari Friday morning, October 1st. Twenty amputee patients with Chief Petty Officer Richard Baldwin in charge and Lt. Commander Jim Roberts, M.D., as company doctor. We bussed to Alameda and were loaded aboard the Admiral's special-fitted DC-3. We were airborne by 9:00 AM and landed at the Arcadia-Eureka Airport shortly after 10:00 o'clock.

A large contingent of



HAPPY HUNTER WITH A NICE BUCK

the Humboldt County populace, headed by Earl Renner, Veteran Service Officer, Sheriff Gene Cox, Undersheriff Bob Bowman, Don Peterson, Board of Supervisor Chairman, Doctors, Lawyers, Ranchers, Laymen — people from every strata of the County were there to welcome the boys and to show them a good time. Everyone was assigned drivers and we were all transported to the Eureka Inn, California State

Game Warden Finnegan arrived and wrote out hunting licenses and deer tags for all veterans.

The boys were informed that the Hotel and its facilities were at their disposal. They could order anything they wanted and only had to sign the tab which would be paid by the various Service Clubs of Eureka and Humboldt County. Most of the boys headed for the bar to

quaff a cool draft, but Corporal Lou Lucido went to the desk and ordered a water bed for his room.

At 1:00 o'clock our drivers transported us to Lazio's, a large waterfront Seafood Restaurant. Everyone had the privilege of ordering anything on the menu that took his fancy. After lunch, our drivers took us out to Roy Fulton's ranch, a cattle spread of several thousand acres about 30 miles from Eureka. The

ranch house and barn is nestled alongside a small lake with a HOME AND GARDEN SHOW type backdrop of ferns, trees and a moss-covered cliff.

The fires were set for the big steak Bar-B-Que, cases of beer and soft drinks were iced, the serving tables were loaded with food and the charcoal was lit. It has been a beautiful balmy, sunshine day and as the sun started to set, Chief

Steak Cooker, Lyle Nystrom started serving rare, medium rare or well-done steaks as fast as they were ordered. When all hands had been served, 191 steaks had been consumed. A four piece band played Western and Modern music during dinner and continued until after 2 A.M. By 3:30 all hands were bedded down in the barn where they slept peacefully til 5:30.

After a hearty breakfast of eggs and venison sausage, each amputee was placed in a 4-wheel-drive vehicle with a driver and 2 or 3 men who went along to dog out or bush out areas where the bucks might be hiding. By Saturday noon, 15 nice bucks had been brought in, skinned and headed for the meat locker.

All hands were then transported back to the Eureka Inn to rest a little and freshen up for the Awards banquet Saturday night. Over 200 people

attended this gala affair. Prizes were given for the Biggest Deer, the Smallest Deer, for Shooting a Deer, and for Missing — everyone got prizes. It showed the boys that the people of Humboldt County cared.

Sunday morning all hands were hosted to a huge breakfast of hot-cakes, hams and eggs, preceded by refreshing gin fizzes at the Veterans Memorial Building. The sponsors were the VFW; we were served by 4-H Club girls. We then drove to the Humboldt County Trap & Skeet Club which is located next to the Airport. Here, all of the veterans spent the next 3 hours shooting at clay birds, eating and talking to the pretty girls who came to greet them.

At 1:30 the Navy plane arrived. All hands boarded, waved farewell to their many new friends as the plane taxied for takeoff and was soon airborne. Ninety per cent of the boys were asleep before we were 1000 feet off the ground — tired and happy, having just experienced one of the finest weekends of their young lives and realizing for sure that people do care.

The venison will be aged, then processed into steaks and venisonburgers by the Union butchers of Humboldt County, then shipped to Oak Knoll to be cooked at a gigantic picnic on Saturday, October 23rd, sponsored by the citizens of Alameda County — another County who shows it cares.

Our Committee is still accepting donations of picnic goodies, and help to make this Fifth Annual Bar-B-Que the biggest and best. We also need housing for some of the fine people of Humboldt County who will be coming down to attend the Bar-B-Que.

Patient in Oakland

Pueblo's Bucher Is in Hospital

By George Murphy

Commander Lloyd Mark Bucher, former skipper of the spy ship Pueblo, has been a patient at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland since Monday, The Chronicle learned yesterday.



COMMANDER BUCHER
"Minor problems"

The Navy reluctantly confirmed that the 42-year-old career officer was a patient there, and a spokesman said Bucher was being checked "for minor problems."

Bucher last May was assigned to the Navy's graduate school at Monterey, for a one-year course, to gain a master's degree in management.

'HEADACHES'

"The problem," a Navy spokesman at Oak Knoll said yesterday, "seems to be his eyes. He gets headaches, possibly because of the demands of his studies, and so that's one of the tests that are being run on the commander."

Bucher's physical problems, the spokesman said, are "not necessarily connected" with the period from January 23 to December 24, 1968, when he and his crew from the Pueblo were prisoners of the North Koreans.

The Oak Knoll spokesman said that Bucher was undergoing "other, routine examinations" during his stay at the hospital.

OPINION

A reliable medical source told The Chronicle that "they're taking Bucher around from one section to another, just hoping to find something they can survey him out on."

("Survey" is a term used in the military meaning a separation from the particular service — return to civilian life, in other words.)

But the Navy spokesman, when asked if there were a possibility Bucher would be surveyed out, said:

"At this point, no. Not at all."

QUESTION

When asked how long Bucher would remain at Oak Knoll, the spokesman said "a few days."

Would Bucher be out of the hospital by the end of the week?

"I didn't say that. There are several more tests he has to take, and then they have to be evaluated."

When asked if Bucher could come to the phone, the Navy spokesman said:

"Commander Bucher has been in the limelight for so long that he would prefer not to be interviewed. He does not desire to be interviewed."

"The Commander will issue a statement when he leaves the hospital, but the statement will only concern itself with the treatment he received at Oak Knoll."

"He will answer no questions."

Bucher and 82 crew members of the Pueblo were freed by North Korea on Christmas Eve, 1968. One other crewman died during captivity.

A Navy board of inquiry later recommended that Bucher be given a general court-martial for surrendering his ship, but the Secretary of the Navy overrode the recommendation, saying Bucher and his crew had "suffered enough."

Oakland Tribune
Thurs. Jan. 22, 1970 11-K

★ ★ ★
A San Ramon man has been named Reservist of the Year by the Oakland Council selection committee of the Navy League.

Bradford T. Fredette, 7477 Hillsboro Ave., was presented a citation by Rear Adm. H. Paul Mahin during ceremonies at Oakland Naval Hospital.

Fredette currently holds the rank of Hospitalman 2nd Class, U.S. Naval Reserve, and served in Vietnam, where he received the Silver Star for gallantry while serving as a Navy Corpsman.

He is a 1963 graduate of St. Elizabeth High School in Oakland and attended Chabot Junior College.

★ ★ ★

Oakland Tribune
6 Fri., Jan. 30, 1970

Commander Bucher in Hospital

Cmdr. Lloyd M. Bucher, 42, skipper of the spy ship Pueblo when the craft was captured in 1968 by the North Koreans, has been undergoing tests at Oakland Naval Hospital.

Bucher, now assigned to the Navy's graduate school at Monterey, has been at the hospital since Monday but is not listed on the patient roster.

A hospital spokesman said Bucher is being checked for a minor problem involving headaches that "seems to be his eyes."

"He gets headaches, possibly because of the demands of his studies, and so that's one of the tests that are being run on the commander," the hospital spokesman said.

The headaches are "not necessarily connected" with his North Korean imprisonment, from Jan. 23 to Dec. 23, 1968, the spokesman said.

Last May, Bucher was assigned to the Monterey school to gain a master's degree in management.

Bucher will remain in the hospital for "several days . . . for other routine tests," a hospital spokesman said.

2

The Daily Review Hayward, Cal.
Friday, January 30, 1970

Bucher in hospital for eye exam

OAKLAND, Calif. (AP) — Cmdr. Lloyd M. Bucher, former skipper of the spy ship Pueblo, has been at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital since Monday for eye tests, a hospital spokesman said Thursday night.

The problem, a Navy spokesman said, "seems to be his eyes."

"He gets headaches, possibly because of the demands of his studies, and so that's one of the tests that are being run on the commander."

The headaches, a spokesman said, are "not necessarily connected" with the period from Jan. 23 to Dec. 23, 1968, when Bucher and 82 other crew members from the

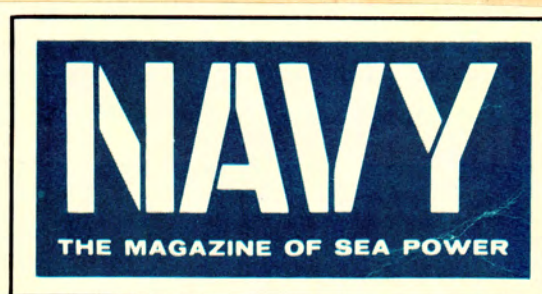
Pueblo were held captive by North Korea.

A Navy board of inquiry later recommended that Bucher be given a general court martial for surrendering the ship, but the secretary of the Navy overruled the recommendation.

Last May, Bucher, 42, was assigned to the Navy's graduate school at Monterey, Calif., for a one-year course to gain a masters' degree in management.

A hospital spokesman said Bucher would remain there "several days" for "other routine tests."

Newsmen were told Bucher would answer no questions, but would issue a statement when he leaves the hospital.

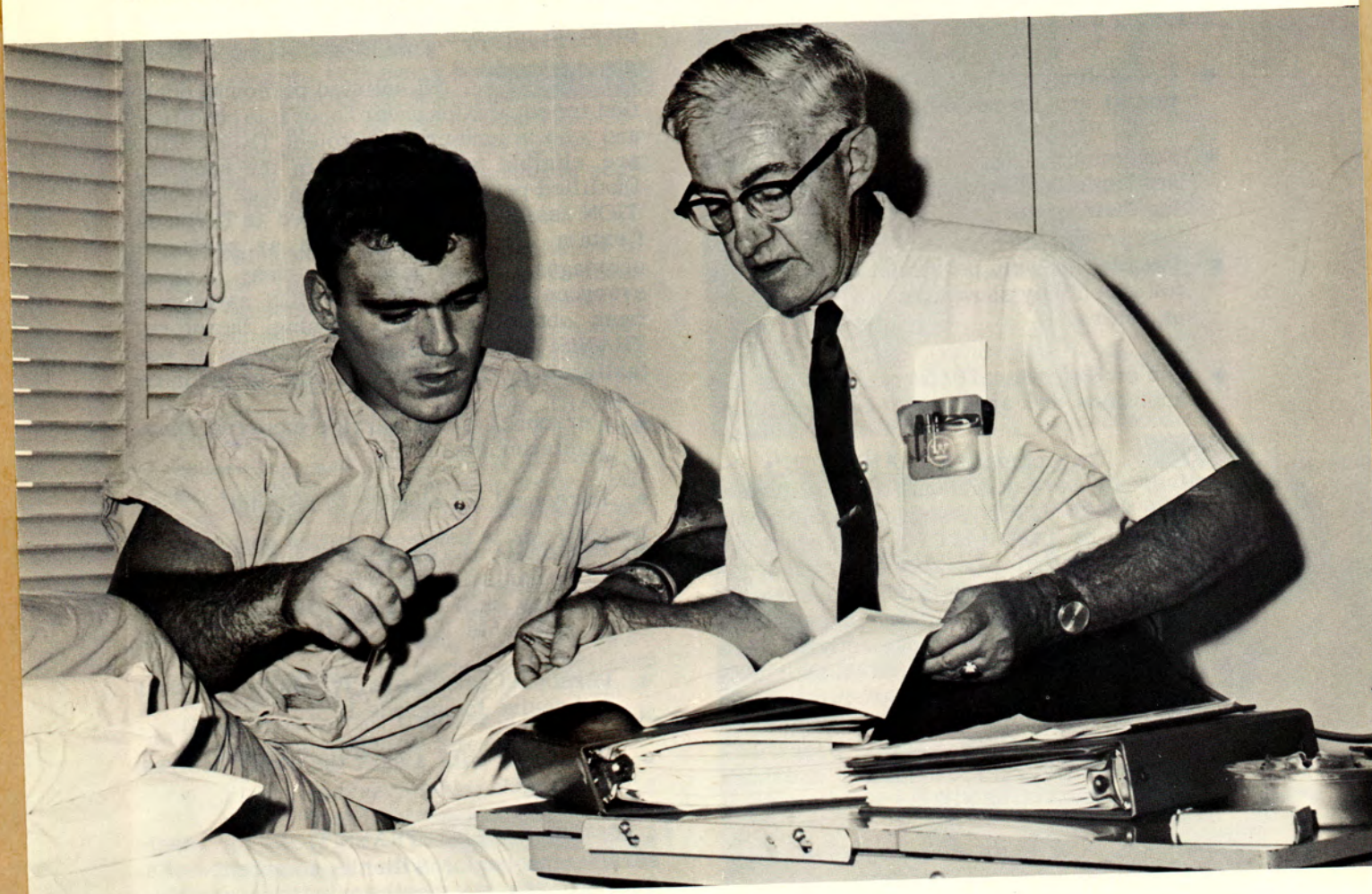


SAN FRANCISCO EAST BAY WOMEN

The ladies of this Council periodically contribute to the Welfare and Recreation Fund of the U.S. Naval Hospital, Oakland and Navy Day was no exception. Council President Norma L. Bell, presents the check to Rear Admiral Harry P. Mahin, USN, Commanding Officer of the hospital as Council Secretary Frances Dixon looks on.



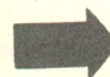
UNITED STATES NAVY • **fact sheet**



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AIR CALIFORNIA
MAGAZINE / VOL. 2 / NO. 11

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AIR CAL BOARD ACCEPTS PSA ACQUISITION OFFER

J. Floyd Andrews, president of Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA), and Carl A. Benscoter, president of Air California, have jointly announced that an agreement in principle has been reached whereby PSA will acquire the assets and assume the liabilities of Air California for 181,421 shares of PSA stock. In addition, 226,890 shares of PSA stock will be reserved for issuance on conversion of Air California debentures or exercise of various options and warrants.

In the event Air California has a deficit in its stockholders' equity greater than \$3,690,544 on the closing date, PSA has the right to withdraw from the transaction.

The purchase is subject to the approval of the shareholders of Air California, the California Public Utilities Commission, as well as the lenders of both companies and may require the prior approval of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

On making their joint announcement, both presidents cited the benefits to both companies and to the California travelling public that will result from combining the two companies.

PSA serves the California commuter market with over 1,150 flights weekly at low fares. In the first nine months of 1969, PSA carried 3.3 million passengers at a revenue figure of \$43.3 million. PSA estimates they

will carry a total of 4.5 million passengers in 1969 with a total passenger revenue of \$59 million.

Air California serves the San Francisco Bay Area from Orange County, Ontario, Burbank and Palm Springs airports in the Southern California area. Starting service just three years ago, fast-growing Air California estimates it will carry approximately 830,000 passengers in 1969 for a total passenger revenue in excess of \$12 million.

Both airlines operate Boeing flight equipment. PSA flies 14 Boeing 727-200's and nine Boeing 737-200's. Air California operates six Boeing 737-200's.

As well as gaining from equipment utilization, there is expected to be a cost savings from combining maintenance and other areas of both company's operations.

"PSA will be strengthened by this acquisition, not only in routes and equipment, but by the addition of Air California's young and aggressive management with the same type of esprit de corps as now exists among the personnel at PSA," Andrews said.

PSA, who celebrated their 20th anniversary in May of this year, is now recognized as the number one carrier between Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay Area, the world's heaviest travelled air route.



PHOTO BY GLEN HATFIELD

"A good leg will fail, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon . . ."

Shakespeare — King Henry V

By PATRICK McNULTY

Walking briskly, Gus Banks breezed out of the Air California office on Post Street as if on the first leg of a five mile hike. A green four-door sedan with "United States Marine Corps" painted on the door was waiting at the curb. Banks strode up to a tall, blond Marine sergeant holding open a door and, democratically extending a hand, said:

"I'm General Banks."

For a brief moment the Marine gazed at the rugged looking civilian standing there in a Brooks Brothers

suit with a blue replica of the Navy Cross glistening in the lapel. Then the Marine snapped off a salute. You don't get your stripes in the Marine Corps by going around shaking hands with generals even if they are retired and wearing a Brooks Brothers suit.

"Sergeant Snow, sir, I'm your driver."

Gus Banks' eye tarried briefly on the three rows of decorations above the breast pocket of the sergeant's crisp suntans. Then, ducking his head, Gus Banks climbed into the back seat. The sergeant shut the door and slid behind the wheel.

"Where to, sir?"

"U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland."

"Yes, sir."

Moments later we were gliding along in light traffic Bay Bridge. It was a brilliant winter day and across the bay the Campanile at Berkeley was clearly visible sticking up from a low marijuana smog bank. Our destination: the amputee ward at the Naval Hospital in the sunny hills outside Oakland. It was a familiar trip for Gus Banks who has spearheaded a grass roots social and unofficial rehabilitation program for the wounded young men returning from the Viet Nam battlefield.

Sitting next to me in the sedan, Gus Banks looked about the same as when I first had met him several years ago. He's a big rugged guy who on *What's My Line* would be quickly picked off as a Marine general. In those days Gus Banks frequently dropped by impromptu cocktail parties at my ocean front pad at Capistrano Beach. I was then an Associated Press sports writer and the people I knew often introduced themselves at parties by saying things like "I'm Walter Kelly a Hollywood movie director", or "I'm Jerry Hulse a reporter for the Los Angeles TIMES", or even "I'm Brennan McClelland and I've got a liquor store up at Laguna Beach". And you could count on a few eyebrows being raised when someone would have his hand pumped by a big guy in a luau shirt who'd say, "I'm Gus Banks and I've

Gus Banks, Air Cal Vice President, has spearheaded an unofficial program for the rehabilitation of wounded young men returning from Viet Nam.

got a regiment over at Camp Pendleton".

As we moved to the Oakland side of the bridge, Gus Banks talked about his visits with the wounded Viet Nam Marines. It began spontaneously about four years ago when Gus Banks and his attractive wife, Jane, dropped by the hospital "Just to say Hello to a few of the Marines". Gus and Jane talked about the visits at cocktail and dinner parties around the San Francisco area. Soon a lot of people were getting interested in the amputee ward at the hospital. One was Victor Bergeron who's better known as Trader Vic, the restaurant tycoon.

There were others and, as time passed, in addition to hospital visits the amputees who could move about were getting invitations to homes for dinner parties. The Oakland TRIBUNE ran a story on the project and more invitations flowed in. There were automobile trips to the Napa wine country, theater tickets and luncheons aboard

yachts in the Bay.

Trader Vic, who had lost a leg when he was six years old, often invited small groups from the amputee ward to his restaurant where they were paired off with airline stewardesses for an on-the-house, soup-to-nuts Chinese dinner. A San Francisco bank president, who had lost an arm as a World War II bomber pilot organized a dinner at the Admiral's Cabin, of Trader Vic's Restaurant in the City. The dinner was limited to amputees, their wives and girl friends. Some of the gals were flown on privately-chartered planes from as far away as Montana and Wyoming. Gus Banks, who didn't make that party, commented almost ruefully, "because I'm not an amputee".

And so what started out as a spur-of-the-moment hospital visit to a group of wounded Marines turned into a richly rewarding personal experience for everyone concerned. Gus Banks said that once a visitor gets over the shock of how cruelly these boys are mutilated, he is aware of other qualities. Those qualities certainly include bravery and, above all, "an example of what the human spirit is capable of under extreme duress". After several visits, Gus Banks added, "a visitor comes away with an acute awareness of the pleasure of their company". In an age of the anti-hero, the visitor to the amputee ward is rewarded with a rare opportunity to meet men who are, quite simply, heroes.

As the Marine Corps' sedan moved through Oakland, Gus Banks said in a crackly voice that still bears a trace of a New Jersey accent: "You just have to respect these young guys, not only for what they've done out there in Viet Nam, but also for their attitude and where they're going from here. You love them, yes I think that's it — you really love them and you know damn well they're going to be good citizens as a result of a little interest from people on the outside . . ."

Gus Banks talked on, commenting that Viet Nam was certainly an unpopular war and returning wounded heroes often don't get the

respect that their sacrifice and devotion to country warrants.

Noticing that Sergeant Snow's battle ribbons reflected Viet Nam duty, Gus Banks asked how he felt about it. The sergeant replied:

"Well, actually I was just damn glad to make it back, sir."

However, Sergeant Snow added that he was really irked by the attitude of some anti-war zealots that he had met in San Diego on his first liberty after his Viet Nam duty. "Sometimes," he said, "I'd be out at a bowling alley or bar someplace and some joker would try to blame the whole war on me . . .

"Sometimes they'd even swing at me," said the big sergeant from Watsonville, who looks rough enough to play linebacker for the L.A. Rams. The sergeant thought a minute and then added thoughtfully, "Or sometimes maybe I'd swing on them."

In the back seat a grin flickered on the face of Gus Banks, obviously happy to be in the company of a real Marine.

"Are you TI or on a duty station, sergeant?" Gus Banks asked.

"Duty station, sir."

"Staying in the Corps for a career?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Good for you."

Gus Banks thought a moment and then said quietly:

"That's the way to do it. Go in early and get out early. That's what I did."

Gus Banks joined the Corps after graduating from Virginia Military Academy (class of '36). His folks had him programmed Harvard business school and a career in the business world. However, in his senior year at VMI, Gus Banks had attended a lecture by a snappy Marine in dress blues — Lemuel Shepherd who later commanded the Corps. That did it — he was hooked.

After VMI Gus Banks signed on as a second lieutenant for the grand inducement of \$125 a month and a \$40 housing allowance. It was, he said, "the greatest decision I ever made". His World War II record reads like a history of the Marine Corps. He was a lieutenant colonel

"In an age of the anti-hero, the visitor to the amputee ward is rewarded with a rare opportunity to meet men who are, quite simply, heroes."

at 26 and an executive officer to Jimmy Roosevelt with the 4th Raider Battalion at exotic Pacific vacation spots like New Georgia Island. Gus Banks got his Navy Cross — the highest decoration short of the Congressional Medal of Honor — at the infamous retreat from the reservoir in Korea. He retired from the Corps ten years ago and joined the executive ranks of Air California as vice president in June 1967.

As the car moved off into the sunny hills outside Oakland, Gus Banks talked Marine Corps with the sergeant. What was the toughest stuff the Viet Cong was throwing his way? The sergeant didn't hesitate — those rockets — the big RPGs (rocket propelled grenades) that, when they whoosh over the jungle, sound like a hunting dog breathing heavily. The sergeant added, "There's the big B-40, a big long deadly pencil that can crack through a 12 foot rock barricade. When you hear that, 'Sergeant Snow said, 'you've got two to five seconds to get under cover.'"

A few moments later Sergeant Snow pulled the sedan to a stop next to the curb outside the glistening, white hospital nestled in the hills. Gus Banks climbed out of the back seat and walked gingerly to the elevator. A few moments later we were sitting in the office of Rear Admiral H. Paul Mahin, who is in charge of the hospital. If it weren't for his suntans with the star on the collar, the admiral, a tall, lean medical doctor, would fit the Hollywood stereotype of the kindly, homespun small town family physician. His speech is sometimes peppered with "Goodness gracious" and he talks with folksy inflections lingering from his days as an Iowa farm boy.

The admiral explained that the hospital is the West Coast center for amputees returning from Viet Nam. There is another center for the East Coast near Washington, D.C. The Oakland hospital is also a center for the Navy program for prosthetics research and in recent years there have been major developments trimming stumps and in making and fitting artificial limbs.

"That's progress, I suppose," the admiral said quietly, "if war can be considered progress."

The admiral added that many of the young men in the amputee wards are alive because they were wounded in a war that relies a great deal on helicopters. Frequently, an almost fatally wounded Marine will be helio-lifted to an aid station within 20 minutes after being hit.

After emergency treatment he is flown, if his condition permits, to the Oakland hospital where the real rehabilitation begins: shrinking the stumps and the fitting of artificial limbs. Sometimes men who have lost both their legs are walking again within two months. Of course, the more cruelly wounded sometimes stay in the hospital half a year. But one of the most impressive aspects, according to the admiral, is that "Nobody breaks. Losing a member can be a big wallop — a big psychological wallop. But these kids come through it magnificently. Nobody breaks. They get a lot of help from their families and rela-

The war record of General Banks reads like a history of the Marine Corps — and the kids know it.

tives and, perhaps most of all, from the other amputees in the ward".

Strolling down a few doors from the admiral's office, Gus Banks walked into the first ward and announced "Is anyone in here a Marine?"

"I'm General Banks and I'm happy to meet you," said Gus Banks extending his hand. "How's it going?"

The Marine in the wheel chair replied with a shrug, which probably translated into Marine Corps sign language as: The chow's O.K. general, but we need some more pretty nurses.

"Where did you get hit?"

The young man in the wheel chair thought a moment. "In the Delta. On a patrol. I stepped on a land mine. One of those spider land mines."

"What kind is that?", asked Gus Banks with the genuine interest of a Marine who in his day has tip-toed around a lot of land mines.

"Oh, that's the kind they hide under some cardboard and sprinkle a little dirt over it. They're hard to see."

"Have you got your knees?"

"Yes sir, I have."

"Good," said Gus Banks clapping the young man on the shoulder. "You're lucky."

Gus Banks moved past a bed where a smiling young man in a crew cut was stretched out. The stump of his left arm was held high in a traction cast and under the covers it was apparent that his left leg was off just below the knee.

"Are you a Marine?"

"No sir, I'm in the Navy. Boat-swain's Mate, sir," said the young sailor his grin getting broader.

"Well, it's good to see you anyway — the Navy has always been a part of the Marine Corps," said Gus Banks, cracking a tight smile. "Where did you get hit?"

"Up at the Cambodian border at a place called the Ditch. We were in a landing craft and they laid a

rocket in on us. Thirteen guys were killed."

Gus Banks nodded his head thoughtfully. "What are you going to do when you get out of here?"

"I'm going back to school. The government pays for it, you know. I come from a ranch up in Wyoming and I think I'll be a veterinarian."

And so it went around every room in the ward. Gus Banks stuck in his tough Marine face and asked, "Are there any Marines in here?" The conversation often was blunt because as Gus Banks pointed out, "the last thing that these kids need is sympathy".

"How are the stumps," he asked one young man who was reading a magazine in bed.

"They're fine, sir, healing nicely."

"When are you going to be fitted?"

"Next week, sir, as soon as my stumps can take the plaster casts."

Gus Banks flashed that tight smile again and moved along to a young man who was lying in bed and busily punching a typewriter that was on a small table at his chest. Both his legs were off just below the knee and they were fitted with the plaster casts used for the first set of artificial limbs. Beside the typewriter was a pad of paper and a glass full of a half dozen finely sharpened pencils. On the bedside table was a small autographed picture of a prosperous looking, baldheaded man in a business suit.

Where had the young Marine been hit? Just six weeks ago he had been in a truck riding along a bumpy jungle trail when a Viet Cong rocket — the type that Sergeant Snow said sounded like a hound dog breathing heavily — crashed into them. Twelve Marines had been killed. There had been two survivors — the young man in the bed and another Marine who had been blinded.

"You were lucky, real lucky," Gus Banks said.

Then noticing that the young Marine had been fitted for artificial limbs, Gus Banks asked if he were walking.

"Yes, sir. I took my first steps today. It hurt quite a bit but they say that goes away after a while."

What did he plan to do after getting out of the hospital? "I was a junior at the University of Texas when I joined the Marines," he said. "I'm going back and finish and then enter law school. I think I'd like to go into politics." The Marine added that he was passing the time in the hospital by turning out a lot of short stories on his typewriter. He was trying to sell them to magazines.

Gus Banks glanced at the picture next to the Marine's bed and gave a mild double take. Wasn't that a picture of Donald Hittle, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy?

"Yes sir, it is," the Marine said pleasantly, "a friend of the family".

"You know, he was a friend of mine in the Marine Corps — I see he has lost a lot of hair," said Gus Banks, confidently patting his thick thatch of graying locks.

"Yes sir, he has lost a little hair — I guess it's a sign of old age," said the Marine, who couldn't resist giving a Marine general a slight needle.

Later we were back in the car and heading across the bridge to the City. The skyline of San Francisco looked like a gleaming white cemetery in the late afternoon sunshine. For a long time Gus Banks stared out the window. Finally he spoke.

"How about those kids? That guy's going to be a veterinarian." He thought a moment. "And how about that cocky kid who was writing the short stories?" A big smile began building across Gus Banks' tanned face. "Yea, he was a real cocky kid. Wasn't he something. He's going to be all right." And then Gus Banks added quietly, "They're all going to be all right."



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AIR CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 11

The cover this month is a serigraph by Corita Kent who was formerly known as Sister Mary Corita. It reads: "Help the Big Bird Fall in Love," and is particularly appropriate as Air California's big birds recently did fall in love with Pacific Southwest Airlines. (See the lead story of this issue.) The significance of the words to Air California, however, is accidental, as the cover was chosen several months ago, long before the announcement.

Corita Kent first won recognition as Sister Mary Corita when she was teaching at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. She continues to be a leading figure in the art world now that she has left the religious order. She has been credited with rescuing silk screen serigraphy from oblivion and giving the medium a new artistic significance.

Creating "Pop art with a meaning," she uses such subjects as apples, lemons, and yellow submarines, and mixes them with advertising slogans, quotations from the Bible, Gertrude Stein, and the Beatles, producing brilliantly colorful blendings of design and text. A versatile artist, she has ranged from a large serigraph exhibit for the Vatican Pavilion at the New York World's Fair to advertisements for Westinghouse.

From January 3 to 25, her work is being shown at the Laguna Beach Art Gallery in Laguna. Our use of the cover was arranged through Media Gallery in Orange.

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EXTRA FLY PAPER

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF AIR CALIFORNIA

AVRIL C. FLOCK CRUISE DIRECTOR FOR AIR CALIFORNIA PLANS EXCLUSIVE CLUB



Avril C. Flock Jr. III popular cruise director for Air California (but not with the V.P.'s) has instigated a new feature (which is really not new) called the Exclusive Fifty Milers Club. This means that any of the regular Air California passengers that have flown fifty miles or more, are entitled to belong to this really 'IN' club. (One flight from Ontario to Burbank will qualify you . . . the distance being fifty miles). The FIFTY MILERS will be able to take advantage of the private

waiting room which will have an exclusive bar and pin ball machines. An impressive solid plaque will be issued to each member which has a trade-in value of \$83.46 to collectors. In the illustration above you will notice that free snacks will also be served. As usual the management has not been notified of this new service, but Flock says "Mahogany row will really fo' all out' for this terrific 'notion'!" THE FIFTY MILERS CLUB!

8. Gloria Swanson gets ill on buses and trolleys.

FORD TRIMOTOR

40-Year-Old Airliner

In a time when it takes just five hours to jet from here to New York, one of the original 40-year-old airliners is still hauling passengers out of the Santa Monica airport at a blistering 100 m.p.h.

A Ford Trimotor, one of the last of the 200 copies of the pioneer airplane, is owned by Moxon-Air at the airport and is used these days mostly for excursions.

Gaylord Moxon found the trimotor in 1964 in Idaho, brought it here and refurbished it. The craft is one of a dozen trimotors known to still exist in this country.

Lake Erie Fleet

The largest fleet of trimotors known is the three owned by Island Airlines of Port Clinton, Ohio, which flies them about the islands of Lake Erie and surrounding areas.

This is the last known regular airline use of the ship which once heralded giant steps in commercial aviation.

Several of the trimotors are in museums.

According to Moxon, who has been flying and refurbishing old airplanes since 1942, trimotors such as the one he owns were the first to have all-metal enclosed cabins, the first to use airborne radar and the first to include a stewardess.

Passenger comforts in the wood paneled cabins are far from what air travelers expect today.

The trimotors carried three fuel tanks of approximately 125 gallons each. Flying time before refueling was required was about five hours, Moxon said. At a flying speed of 100 m.p.h. and its limited fuel capacity, "it was quite a trip from coast to coast — around two or three days," said Bob Setterberg, who with Moxon flies the trimotor.

"But in those days—depression days—that was pretty good," he said.

Christened 'Graceful'

Since he found his trimotor sitting idle in an Idaho field, Moxon has not only reconditioned it but is also attempting to trace its history.

As far as he can learn the craft was christened "Graceful" and sold by Ford Motor Co. in 1929 to the old Transcontinental Air Transport which used it for passenger and mail service. TWA, successor to TAT, also carried passengers coast to coast in it.

The Radio Corporation of America (RCA) bought the Graceful and used it as a flying laboratory. Later it was flown to Alaska and used there to haul troops around during World War II.

Eugene Frank bought the trimotor in Alaska and trucked it down the Alcan highway to Caldwell, Idaho, and converted it for use as a crop duster. Moxon bought it from Frank.

Because of federal regulations Setterberg says this airplane must land at the same airport from which it takes off. This, of course, eliminates cross country passenger hops. As a result, the Graceful

flies to gatherings of airplane buffs where it is used for short joy rides.

Setterberg says a variety of comments come from people who ride in the trimotor or just look it over during air shows.

"Many people say this is the kind of airplane they got their first ride in and they are glad their kids can do the same," he said.

Moxon, who has several rebuilt airplanes — and pieces of others — in his hangar here, pointed out trimotors originally had no radios and no room for one in the control panel. He buried a radio in the floor between the pilot and copilot seats. The

control panel is so small that some dials are mounted on the engine housing. One engine hangs beneath each wing and a third is in the nose of the ship.

There are two rows of rather stiff looking passenger seats and a narrow aisle. Metal padded seats recline slightly, individual bud vases and individual air vents at each seat. The air vents are merely controlled holes in the cabin walls and when a trimotor

came into a dirt field and kicked up some dust or mud, it came into the cabin.

Moxon said he and Setterberg log about 100 hours in the trimotor. He says it is just as easy to fly as some later model airplane but landing and taking off is more difficult because of more recent mechanical improvements.

"It may not have been everything," Moxon observed, "but at least everyone had a window seat."

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LOST & FOUND ?

FOUND: On Flight 207 to San Jose almost new gentleman's truss owner get in touch with Harold Aimlessly in the Baggage Department.

FOUND: On Flight 240 to San Francisco. One hundred new \$100.00 dollar bills must be able to identify. Lost and Found Department, Air California.

LOST: On Flight 270 to San Francisco November 20, man's small address and phone number book. \$10,000 REWARD! Write or wire Box 86, Fly Paper.

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LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: On Flight 240, 2-30-69 light brown male cur dog who answers to the name of Sport and bites. Goods of this type will be disposed of when left more than 30 hrs. Can be seen at hanger 39, Air Cal. Ask for Rover.

WILL SACRIFICE six cases of Hadacall never been opened. Box 205 Fly Paper.

PERSONALS: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Yetiva Applegate (last known address Columbus Square) please contact Velveeta Beaverstien Gen Del., San Francisco, Calif.

PERSONAL: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Velveeta Beverstien (last known address in the San Francisco area Height Ashburry) please contact Y. Applegate Gen. Del. S. F.

PERSONAL: Walt B. I give you one more week to get your Boa Constrictor out of my apartment or I give it to the S.P.C.A. Marybelle.

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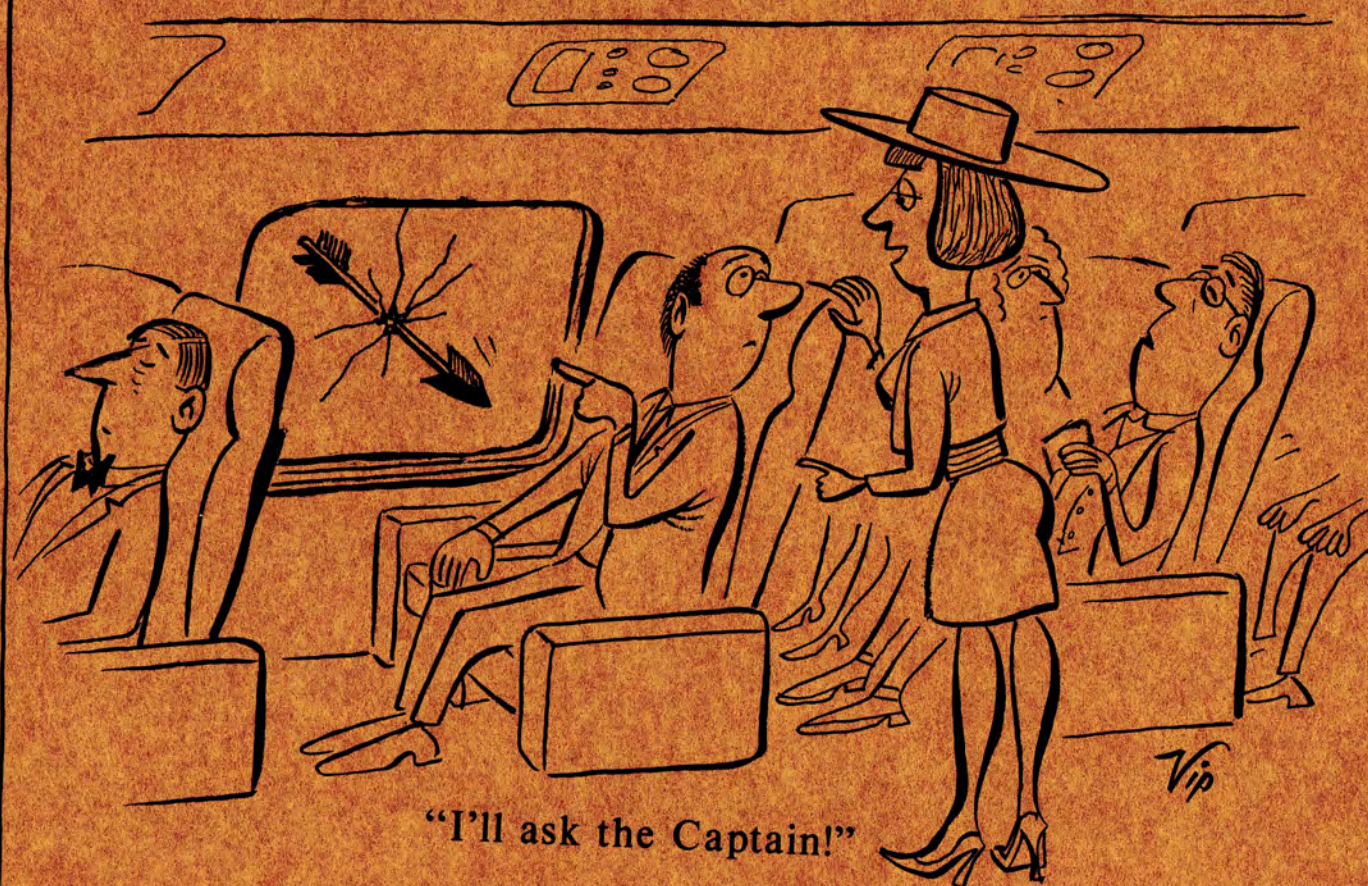
Win a rounded trip on Air California! The best God or letter will be announced in the next issue of Flea Paper at all newstands and Pet stores. NOTICE: THIS IS A REAL AND UN-PHONEY CONTEST!! THINK OF THE THRILL AND STATUS OF SEEING YOUR NAME IN FLY PAPER!! Also two free banquets!!!



Photography by Robert D. Moeser

ANSWER ON PAGE 1333

Write a caption for this wrong picture



"I'll ask the Captain!"

CLASSIFIED

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND

Found on Flight 207 Thursday 22nd womans light swade purse with solid gold inatials welded to handle (initials R.J.B.) contents listed as follows: one shocking pink lipstick mfgd. by Arden, one powder (face) mfgd. by Avon Calling. Ladies handkerchief, one bottle perfume by Channel, one pair ladies pig type skien gloves, one paper back book entitled Candy, one wallet containing all major credit cards with name Romana J. Barnssable 207 Hellhold Drive Ontario Cal. also in the wallet a sizeable amount of cash to the amount of \$670. was found. THE PERSON CLAIMING THIS PURSE MUST BE ABLE TO INDENTIFY it in minute detail. Contact Eddie Frumm Baggage Dept.

LOST on Flight 502 a doggie that answers to the name of Porkey contact A. W. Root, Box 2222, San Jose.

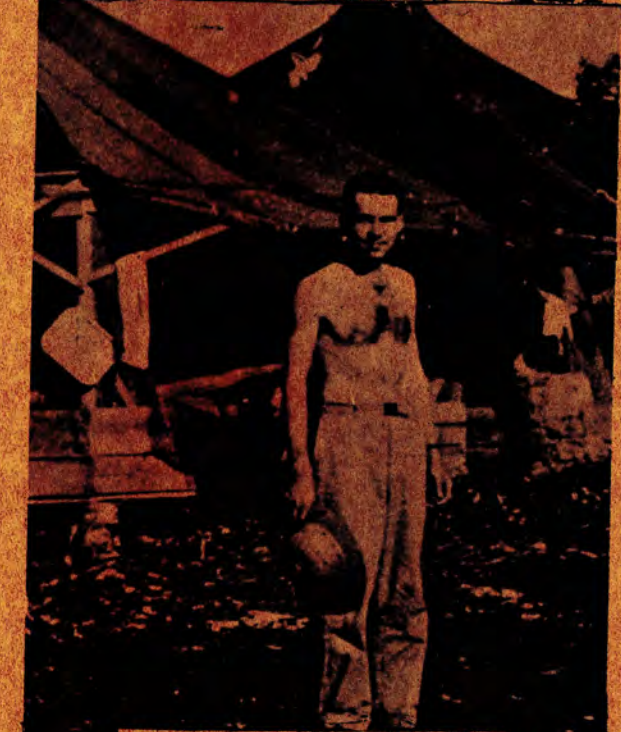
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NEWS IN BRIEF



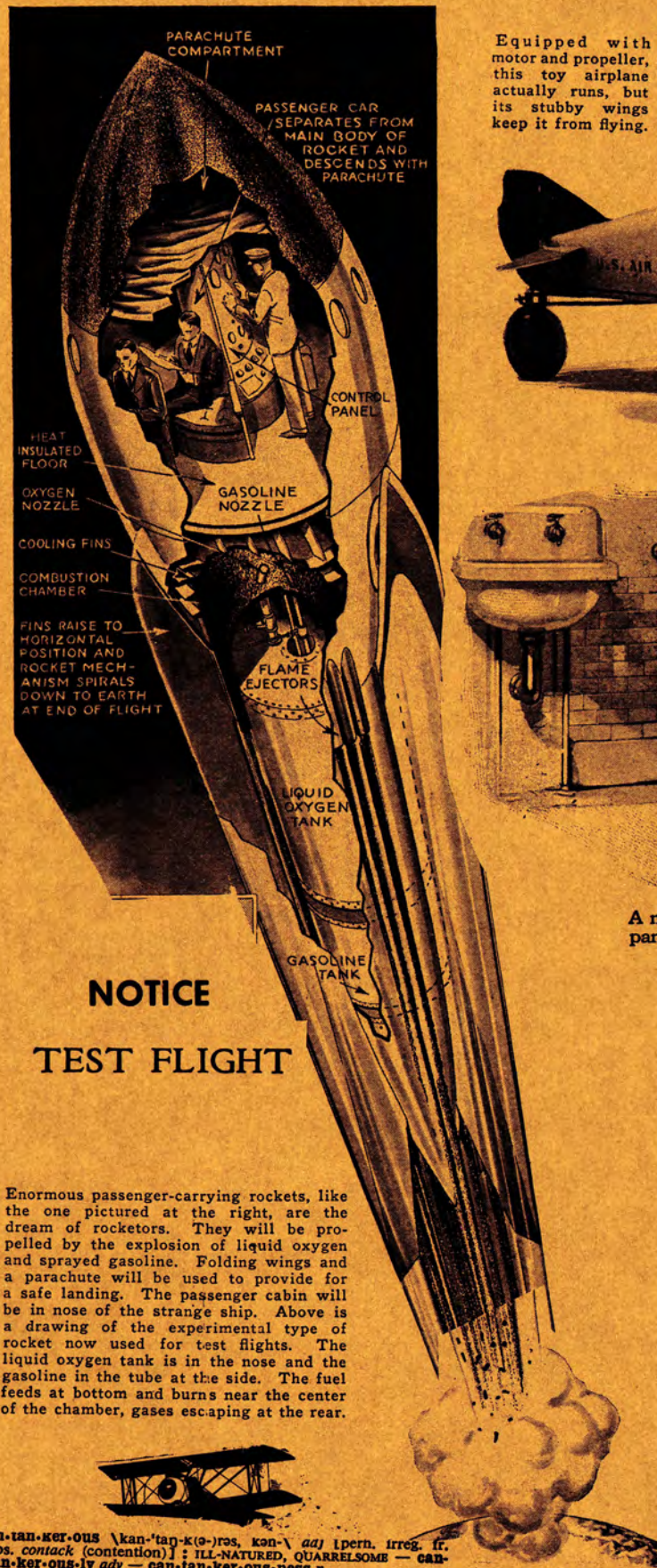
Lieutenant Nixon (third from left)

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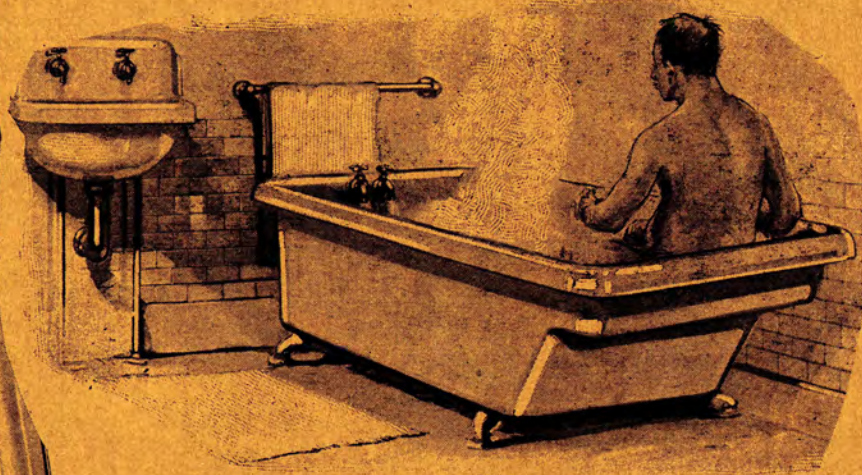


"Say Hervis, we're not first, but we're pushyier!!!

SPACE AGE SCIENCE NEWS



Equipped with motor and propeller, this toy airplane actually runs, but its stubby wings keep it from flying.



A new bath-tub is so designed that it offers the occupant either a head-rest or a seat at one end of the tub



She suffers from rheumatism, but expects to be cured soon, for she is wrapped in an electrified blanket; the wires are carefully woven in

Little Known Facts About Flying *BY VIP* AIR BUSSES



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EATING ON THE FLY PAPER BY CHOLLY KNICKERS



The subject for this month in my etticate column is on the ever increasing practice of taking your pets with you when dining out in public. Actually it is against the law in most cities except Bakersfield . . . some pets are considered unsanitary (not to their owners) but to the Department of Sanitation or whatever it is. I have seen ladies at diners open their purse and feed one of those midget dogs that she has slipped past the Matre De'. This is the very worst kind of table manners and anyone bringing pets to dinner have got to be the lowest type class. Even in the illustration above, although the horse appears to be clean and well groomed. IT JUST DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!!! I have just written a book called EATING WITH THE HELP AND PETS which is yours for a dime and a self addressed envelope (to me).

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Breakfast on the trail — cooks and trail crew meet at dawn outside Greenville for a hearty breakfast. It will be six or seven hours before the drive reaches the next camp and the men enjoy another meal.

“HEAD ’EM UP! MOVE ’EM OUT!”

“Head ’em up! Move ’em out!”

This is the cry (long familiar to TV fans) that signals the start of the cattle drive. A sound of the past? Not quite. For a handful of California cattlemen, the cattle drive is still a practical and expedient method of moving their herds.

Roy Carmichael, 1968 California Livestock Man of the Year, was eight years old in 1905 when his father took him on his first cattle drive. Each spring, the Carmichael cows and their new calves would be driven along the Old Marysville—La Porte Road from Browns Valley, east of Marysville, to Table Rock in Sierra County. There the cattle would graze on the rich summer pasture until late fall, when they were rounded up and brought home to the lower elevations for the winter. Carmichael retraced this route every spring for the next 28 years.

Today the route is different, but the cattle drive remains a part of Carmichael’s ranching routine. Now 73, he still drives his cattle to the mountains every June and counts himself among the few cattlemen in California not entirely dependent on trucks and trains to move his animals. The going is slower on paved roads, but when Carmichael starts to move 600 or so of his cows and calves toward the high country, the setting is as it was at the turn of the century.

Not all the cattle are trailed to the mountain range. The bulls and the cows with heavy steer calves are trucked to the high country. The heavier cattle aren’t particularly suited to a long drive, and Carmichael doesn’t want to stress these valuable animals. Of the 625 head of cattle on last year’s drive, about half were cows with one to three month old calves, and the rest were yearling and two year old heifers.

Last year the round up began in May. After five days of gathering and sorting cattle on his home ranch in Vina (elevation, 200 feet), Carmichael headed his herd northeast to the foothills (elevation, 1200 feet) and the first stop on the trip to the mountains. There he held his cattle for three weeks while he and his cowhands gathered the heifers left the preceding fall.

The long drive began in earnest early on the morning of June 10, as the men and cattle moved out of the foothills toward Obe Fields (3,500 feet) and their first trail camp. From Obe Fields, the drive progressed to Lost Camp (4,500 feet), Deer Creek Meadows (4,600 feet), Butt Creek (4,600 feet), Greenville (3,850 feet), Taylorsville (3,700 feet), and Genessee (3,850 feet). By the ninth evening, the drive had reached the north end of Grizzly Valley; the following day, the cattle moved down into the south end of the valley and were home.

Ten days, two summits (Walker Mine, 6,000 feet, and Onion Summit, 5,700 feet), and 120 miles after leaving Vina, Carmichael and his crew — 6 cowhands, 8 horses, 6 cattle dogs, 1 camp boss, and 2 cooks — arrived at his summer ranch in Portola (elevation 4,850 feet).

Carmichael spent the next five months there, while his foreman Fred Hamilton returned to the Vina ranch



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Cow hands and dogs keep the cattle together as they cross a bridge on their way to Taylorsville. A spare horse follows the cattle until he is needed.

to take care of the 220 "valley" cows and their calves that graze year 'round on permanent pasture. In the late fall, he sold his steer calves and most of the heifer calves before bringing the "mountain" cows back to the lower elevation for the winter. He keeps about 80 of the heifer calves for his breeding herd, to eventually replace the older cows.

In the autumn, the bulls, cows with new calves, and a load of weaner calves were shipped back to Vina on trucks. Cows without calves and young heifers (about 500 head in all) were driven home over the same trail they took in the spring. When the homeward drive reached the foothills, the heifers were turned out for the winter, and the cows continued on to the Vina ranch. Once back in the lower elevations, the men and cattle came full circle.

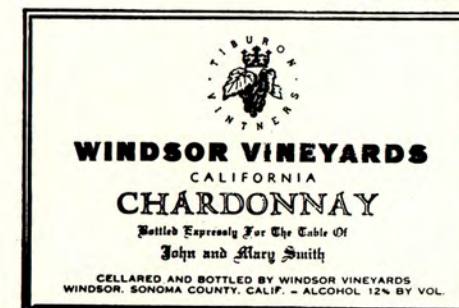
Carmichael has repeated this cycle for the last 12 years and looks forward to many more drives. Not by any means bound to tradition, he has tried other methods of moving his cattle. For 17 years, he shipped them by rail, but he feels that for his particular operation, driving the cattle to pasture is more efficient, easier on the animals, and less expensive — and he has 65 years worth of experience to back him up.

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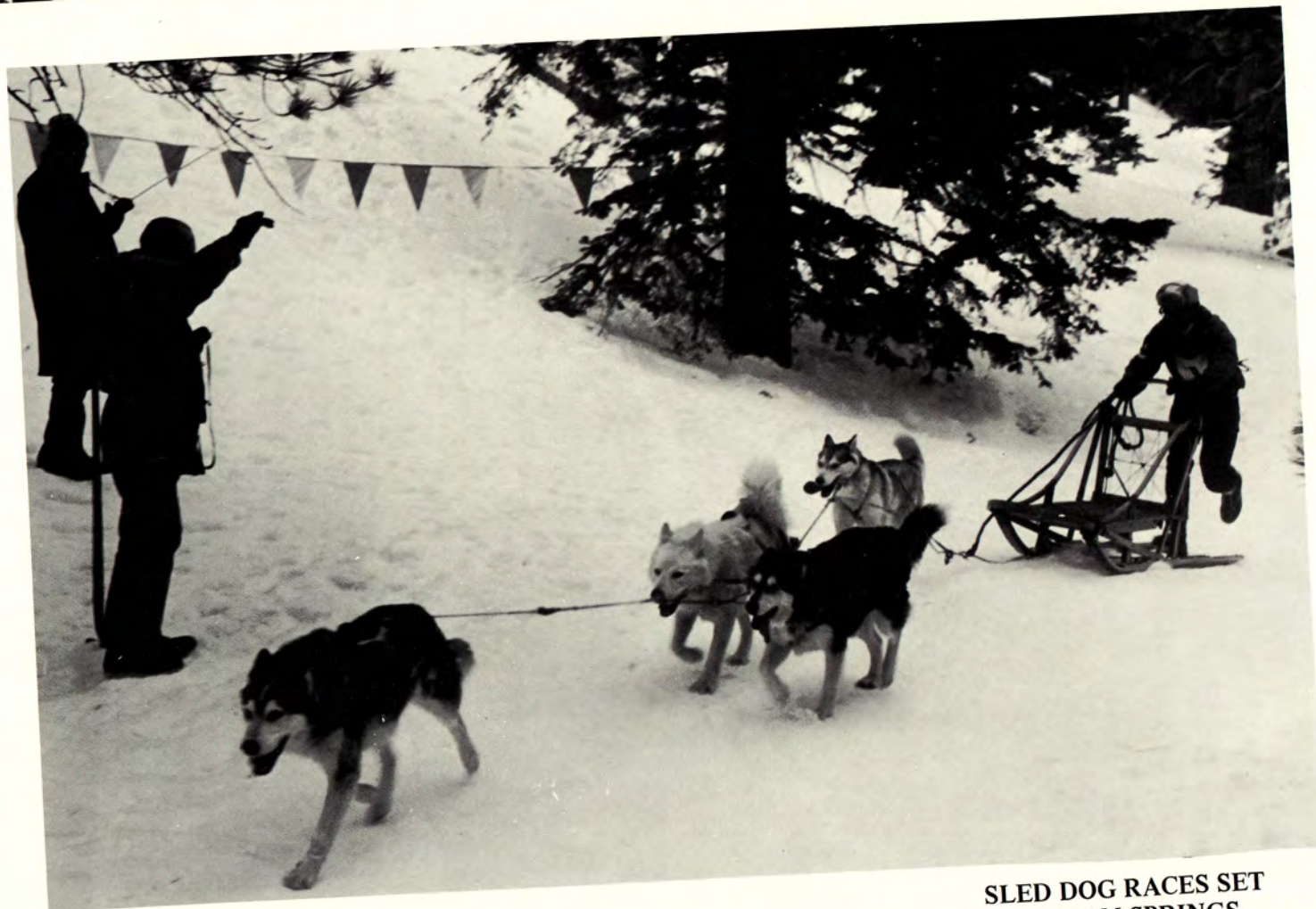
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Sled dog races in Palm Springs? That's right. The third annual Palm Springs Aerial Tramway Sled Dog Races are being held on three weekends in January: Jan. 10-11; Jan. 17-18 and the championships on Sunday, Jan. 25.

The Sled Dog Races, sponsored by the Aerial Tramway in Association with the California Sled Dog Club, start at noon each weekend, according to Tramway General Manager O. L. McKenney. McKenney urged spectators to plan to take an early Tramcar on those days. First car up the mountain leaves at 10 a.m.

The race course is through the snow in Long Valley, at the foot of the trail leading from the Tramway's mountain station. Twenty teams of racing dogs will compete. Five teams will race each Saturday and Sunday the first two weekends and the four winning teams will race it out for the championship on Sunday, Jan. 25. There is no charge to view the races and regular Tram fares will prevail during the race days.



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PSA

FLIGHTTIME
FEBRUARY 1970



THE PSA SCENE



FLIGHTS CHEER WOUNDED SERVICEMEN

"Hello control tower, this is Mistletoe One."

The flight reporting was Pacific Southwest Airlines' "Operation Mistletoe," airborne Christmas party for wounded veterans of Viet Nam.

More than 300 servicemen, wounded in action and presently recuperating at California military hospitals, were PSA's guests for Christmas parties at the Oakland, San Francisco and San Diego International Airports.

Beginning in the airport boarding lounges with a buffet supper and music by live rock bands, the "Operation Mistletoe" parties continued as the vets boarded PSA 727 jetliners for scenic flights in each area.

In the air, the honored guests were served champagne by pretty PSA stewardesses, and participated in the mirthful giving of gifts by PSA and participating radio stations.



naval affairs

The Magazine for Career Enlisted Men of the U.S. Navy and U.S. Marine Corps

News of Members



1. Trying out new wheelchairs recently presented to Oakland Naval Hospital are, from left: LCPL M. Eyre, PFC A. Popper, HM3 B. Clark, PFC J. Sanchez and PFC A. Indie. On hand for the presentation to RADM Mahin were from left, Br. 87 Chaplain W.G. Wayburn; Br. 87 VP J.E. Lukens, Br. 87 Pres L.G. Smith, James G. McGuire, Br. 87 Hospital Chairman and L.J. Cummings, Br. 87 JrPP. Br. 87 provided two of the wheelchairs and Shipmate McGuire's efforts have resulted in veterans organizations in the area having purchased a dozen wheelchairs for the hospital.



Home on Range For Viet Vets

A score of wounded Vietnam veterans hunted the Black Point Game Bird Club near Petaluma yesterday. Their ages ranged from 18-22, and they had a dandy time bagging more than 30 pheasants.

Unlike most bird hunters they didn't do much walking. They were from the orthopedic wards of Oak Knoll Naval Hospital. Half of them were amputees (three of them multiple). So, they rode a sled pulled over the moist ground by a small tractor.

When a dog pointed and flushed a hiding bird they either shot from the sled, if it got close enough. Other

times they were helped to a prime firing position.

In the photo above, Jesse Critchell, USMC, 20, of Sand Point, Idaho, who lost his left leg in Vietnam last September, is supported by Mike Sustos, who operates the Black Point Club. Jesse downed this rooster clean. The morale of these kids is terrific. Dave Condit, 23, of Santa Rosa (left), a double amputee and another Marine, displays one of two roosters he nailed with two shots. The artwork and sentiments on the back of his wheelchair are his own.

The Danville Rotary Club sponsored the outing.

—Examiner photos by Gordon Stone

Annual Amputee Veterans' Deer Hunt

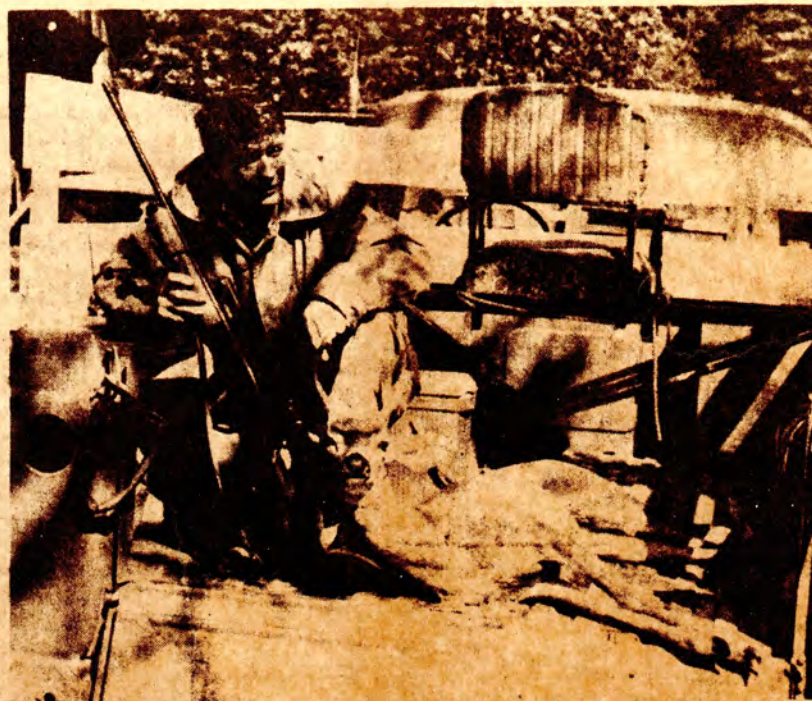
By JOHNNIE WHITE
Phone 782-4200

The voice of Mike Carey, a double amputee Viet Nam veteran came loud and clear from the bottom of a deep ravine. Mike was thrashing about in the bush, dogging out the deer hiding in the canyon. He had come on a hunt several years ago, a shy, withdrawn, uncommunicative person, obviously feeling sorry for himself. After a few months of the excellent therapy at Oak Knoll plus field trips, hunting & fishing excursions sponsored by concerned citizens, he realized that he still had a lot of living to do. Now he's going to college, living a full life and each year comes to Humboldt County to help with the Annual Amputee Veterans' Deer Hunt.

Corporal Allison adjusted himself in his wheelchair which was lashed down in the bed of a 4-wheel-drive pickup, touched off a shot and the buck ducked into some heavy brush. John Beline CM2 dropped him as he emerged, collecting for himself a beautiful 3 point trophy.

Thus started the 5th Annual Hunt sponsored by the citizens of Humboldt County for Amputee Viet Nam Veterans, patients at the Oakland Naval Hospital. We started the Safari Friday morning, October 1st. Twenty amputee patients with Chief Petty Officer Richard Baldwin in charge and Lt. Commander Jim Roberts, M.D., as company doctor. We bussed to Alameda and were loaded aboard the Admiral's special-fitted DC-3. We were airborne by 9:00 AM and landed at the Arcadia-Eureka Airport shortly after 10:00 o'clock.

A large contingent of



HAPPY HUNTER WITH A NICE BUCK

the Humboldt County populace, headed by Earv Renner, Veteran Service Officer, Sheriff Gene Cox, Undersheriff Bob Bowman, Don Peterson, Board of Supervisor Chairman, Doctors, Lawyers, Ranchers, Laymen — people from every strata of the County were there to welcome the boys and to show them a good time. Everyone was assigned drivers and we were all transported to the Eureka Inn. California State

Game Warden Finnegan arrived and wrote out hunting licenses and deer tags for all veterans.

The boys were informed that the Hotel and its facilities were at their disposal. They could order anything they wanted and only had to sign the tab which would be paid by the various Service Clubs of Eureka and Humboldt County. Most of the boys

headed for the bar to

quaff a cool draft, but Corporal Lou Lucido went to the desk and ordered a water bed for his room.

At 1:00 o'clock our drivers transported us to Lazio's, a large waterfront Seafood Restaurant. Everyone had the privilege of ordering anything on the menu that took his fancy. After lunch, our drivers took us out to Roy Fulton's ranch, a cattle spread of several thousand acres about 30 miles from Eureka. The

ranch house and barn is nestled alongside a small lake with a HOME AND GARDEN SHOW type backdrop of ferns, trees and a moss-covered cliff.

The fires were set for the big steak Bar-B-Que, cases of beer and soft drinks were iced, the serving tables were loaded with food and the charcoal was lit. It has been a beautiful balmy, sunshine day and as the sun started to set, Chief

Steak Cooker, Lyle Nystrom started serving rare, medium rare or well-done steaks as fast as they were ordered. When all hands had been served, 191 steaks had been consumed. A four piece band played Western and Modern music during dinner and continued until after 2 A.M. By 3:30 all hands were bedded down in the barn where they slept peacefully til 5:30.

After a hearty breakfast of eggs and venison sausage, each amputee was placed in a 4-wheel-drive vehicle with a driver and 2 or 3 men who went along to dog out or bush out areas where the bucks might be hiding.

By Saturday noon, 15 nice bucks had been brought in, skinned and headed for the meat locker.

All hands were then transported back to the Eureka Inn to rest a little and freshen up for the Awards banquet Saturday night. Over 200 people

attended this gala affair. Prizes were given for the Biggest Deer, the Smallest Deer, for Shooting a Deer, and for Missing — everyone got prizes. It showed the boys that the people of Humboldt County cared.

Sunday morning all hands were hosted to a huge breakfast of hot-cakes, hams and eggs, preceded by refreshing gin fizzies at the Veterans Memorial Building. The sponsors were the VFW; we were served by 4-H Club girls. We then drove to the Humboldt County Trap & Skeet Club which is located next to the Airport. Here, all of the veterans spent the next 3 hours shooting at clay birds, eating and talking to the pretty girls who came to greet them.

At 1:30 the Navy plane arrived. All hands boarded, waved farewell to their many new friends as the plane taxied for takeoff and was soon airborne. Ninety per cent of the boys were asleep before we were 1000 feet off the ground — tired and happy, having just experienced one of the finest weekends of their young lives and realizing for sure that people do care.

The venison will be aged, then processed into steaks and venisonburgers by the Union butchers of Humboldt County, then shipped to Oak Knoll to be cooked at a gigantic picnic on Saturday, October 23rd, sponsored by the citizens of Alameda County — another County who shows it cares.

Our Committee is still accepting donations of picnic goodies, and help to make this Fifth Annual Bar-B-Que the biggest and best. We also need housing for some of the fine people of Humboldt County who will be coming down to attend the Bar-B-Que.

Skipper in the Spotlight



ADM. MAHIN INTERVIEWED AT ST. JOSEPH'S INFIRMARY IN LOUISVILLE AND AT THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL HOSPITAL. HE SAW WWII DUTY IN THE SOLOMONS, IWO JIMA, OKINAWA AND NEW ZEALAND ABOARD THE CARGO SHIP CELANO, THEN RETURNED TO GREAT LAKES BRIEFLY.

HE WAS RELEASED FROM ACTIVE DUTY IN 1946 AND RETURNED TO LOUISVILLE FOR A PATHOLOGY AND GENERAL SURGERY RESIDENCY. HE REMAINED IN THE RESERVE WITH A MARINE RIFLE COMPANY, WAS RECALLED IN 1951, AND SWITCHED TO THE REGULAR NAVY. TOURS AT THE NAVAL HOSPITALS IN OAKLAND, GUANTANAMO BAY, GREAT LAKES, ST. ALBANS, PHILADELPHIA AND SAN DIEGO FOLLOWED.



HE RECEIVED THE LEGION OF MERIT AS SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER AT THE STATION HOSPITAL AND HEAD OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT AT THE NAVAL SUPPORT ACTIVITY IN DANANG. HE ALSO SHARES A NAVY UNIT COMMENDATION AWARDED THAT LARGEST VIETNAM CASUALTY HANDLING ACTIVITY.

HE BECAME 4TH NAVAL DISTRICT MEDICAL OFFICER AND COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE PHILADELPHIA NAVAL HOSPITAL IN 1968, AND ASSUMED HIS PRESENT ASSIGNMENT IN AUGUST 1969.



ADM. MAHIN STILL ENJOYS SINGING. HE SANG WITH GLEE CLUBS AT ST. ALBANS AND PHILADELPHIA, AND HAS SUNG IN CHRISTMAS AND EASTER CANTATAS AT OAKLAND. HE MET HIS NURSE-WIFE, THE FORMER CARRIE GADDIS, IN A HOSPITAL IN LOUISVILLE. THEY HAVE TWO SONS, PATRICK, AN ENSIGN IN THE NAVY MEDICAL SERVICE CORPS, AND MICHAEL. THE ADMIRAL ENJOYS GARDENING AND PHOTOGRAPHY AND BOWLS WITH ONE OF THE HOSPITAL TEAMS. HE IS A FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS AND A DIPLOMATE OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF SURGERY.



BORN MAY 14, 1916, IN CANOVA, S.D., HARRY PAUL MAHIN FOLLOWED HIS FATHER INTO MEDICINE. AS A YOUTH, HE CARRIED NEWSPAPERS IN DES MOINES, AND WORKED AS A MAIL CLERK AND ELEVATOR OPERATOR IN CHICAGO. HE STUDIED MUSIC AT THE UNIV. OF WICHITA, PLAYING SEVERAL INSTRUMENTS. DECIDING HIS TALENTS WERE NOT GREAT ENOUGH TO EARN A LIVING IN MUSIC, HE LEFT WICHITA FOR THE UNIV. OF IOWA WHERE HE GOT HIS BACHELOR'S DEGREE AND EARNED HIS BOARD WORKING FOR THE HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT. HE GOT HIS DOCTORATE IN MEDICINE AND A RESERVE COMMISSION IN 1942 FROM THE UNIV. OF LOUISVILLE. HIS FATHER'S MEDICAL SCHOOL.



Rear-Adm.
HARRY P. MAHIN (MC) USN
COMMANDING OFFICER,
NAVAL HOSPITAL, OAKLAND, CALIF.

Navy Times

Carbone D V CarAEWRon 126
Carpenter B F Ajax AR 6
Cavanaugh W C CarAEWRon 121
w-Chaderjian (NC) C A NavHosp Cp Leleune
Cherrington (NC) D A NavHosp Cp Leleune
Clark L F Darter SS 576
Cocowitch J H EODGru 2
Cooley J E PatRon 46
Cordasco Jr M F Constellation CVA 64
Crabtree (MSC) R D NavRegMedCen Ports-
mouth
Craddock D C NATra Pensacola
Curry R N NavNuPwrScol Bainbridge
Dale T N NATra Pensacola
Davis P E Mississinewa AO 144
Deauginis W C PatRon 49
Dent M W NAS Corpus Christi
Desmarais M B TraRon 1
Dodrill J W BMU 1
Dokos J A NATra Pensacola
Dolan R T NAS Corpus Christi
Donlan (SC) R J AEC Wash DC
Downing B E Coucal ASR 8
w-Dreier (NC) M A Cancel Sep13 orders
Dutra Jr E P NAF Naples
Dykstra D A Edward McDonnell DE 1043
w-Ellis (NC) M F NavHosp Charleston
Erickson B N NATra Pensacola
Erwin T J Greenfish SS 351
Everitt J W NavNuPwrScol Bainbridge
Fennell Jr W F Tigron AGSS 419
Fisher R S NATra Pensacola
French M J NATra Pensacola
Furrevig H L NATra Pensacola
Garnett S L NavSta Roos Rds
Gettiff R L PatRon 56
Gilmour M M Blue Ridge LCC 19
Goldman M J Joseph P Kennedy Jr DD 850
Gregory R E AikRon 52
Haddock J M Lester DE 1022
Harding (NC) C L Cancel Prev Orders
Harrison S W EODGru 2
Harney J P Cancel Apr 29 orders
Hartman J T AikRon 52

Lewis M A Henley DD 762
Lins R W Griskary CVA 34
Lohman G W NATra Pensacola
Long R H Missillion AO 105
Lytle III W B Sarsfield DD 837
Mahaffey V E Odax SS 484
Maloney III R S Marius AO 57
Maupin J R Coontz DLG 9
May R M FleetAcSuppRon 24
McCombs P A InshoreUnseWarGru 1
McFarlane C L NATra Pensacola
McKee S W NATra Pensacola
McKelvey E L NAF Andrews AFB
McKenna D J AikRon 43
Medinayne P C Grasp ARS 24
w-Meighan (NC) M NavHosp Newport
c-Messersmith R E AikSubRon 30
Meltz D R McCandless DE 1084
Michell W R Conyngham DDG 17
Milligan J S NATra Pensacola
Minnich III J H NATra Pensacola
Mitchell II J A Power DD 839
Moore II R E San Jose AFS 7
Morrwo III (CEC) J F MCB 74
Nelson T L PatRon 19
Nibbs Jr A M Mullinnix DD 944
Nichols Jr R J PatRon 1
Noble J R NAF Andrews AFB
w-Norberg (NC) W M NavHosp Portsmouth
Va
Oberg D A Niagara Falls AFS 3
Orehek E C Davis DD 937
Oswald III L J Cobbler SS 344
c-Palmer B D Evans DE 1023
Peterson (MSC) P C New York Univ
Peterson (MSC) J L NavRegMedCen Ports-
mouth Va
Pilgrim C M NAS Pensacola

Polatty III D P NATra Pensacola
w-Polischak (NC) P I Cancel Oct12 orders
Porter S D White Plains AFS 4
c-Powell F R Borie DD 704
Price T C TraRon 6
Pulnam (SC) S J NavSCScol
Queen A A PatRon 16
Rehkopf J A Gudgeon SS 567
w-Reid (NC) C M NavHosp Newport
Rhodes Jr T W NAS Key West
Richardson J H NavSta Rota
Rightmyer Jr J W NATra Pensacola
Rightmyer R C Slt CinCLantFit
Roehrs S L AikRon 196
Rutan A C Joseph Hewes DE 1078
Ryan D K CarAEWRon 122
Ryder R R FAIReconRon 1
Sandberg R D TraRon 1
Sauls Jr J I NATra Pensacola
Scardavalle T C Charles S Sperry DD 697
Schaffer J T EODGru 2
Schallack Jr D A ServRon 2
Scheerhorn N A Mitschor DDG 35
Schneberger S L TacElRon 134
Schultz D G Power DD 839
Seth R A AikRon 128
Shaw R J NATra Pensacola
Sheppard R O 1stANGLiCo
Sheridan (MSC) P F George Wash Univ
Siembieda Jr E J Bluefish SSN 675
Skinner M E NATra Pensacola
Sletivert Jr (SC) R M Will Rogers SSBN 659
(Gold)
Smith M L Mars AFS 1
Smith T E AikRon 176
Smith Jr A W Bausell DD 845

(Continued On Page 22)

TEN HIGH

A Day in the Fields With War Victims

A LONG WAY FROM SEARCH AND DESTROY

Twenty one of America's finest squeezed a trigger again but this time there was no fear on their young faces.

The 21 young men, all of whom certainly could have been excused for not wearing broad smiles, thoroughly enjoyed last Thursday. As a matter of fact, they enjoy every day—just being alive. These men have all escaped death by a whisker and are thankful just to be among the living even though they may be missing a limb or two.

The Blackpoint Game Bird Club was the locale for some he-man activity with the 21 Marines and Sailors, guests of the Danville Rotary Club, for a day-long pheasant hunt.

GILES CUT RED TAPE

The activity was spearheaded by Rotarian Ray Giles, a 30-year member of the United States Navy, who has put together some 20 hunts similar to the one enjoyed Thursday. Giles presented his proposal to the local club several months ago and immediately received endorsement and financial support. The service club agreed to pick up the tab for the use of the gun club, the catering of luncheon plus guns and ammo for the hunters, but the cutting of the Dept. of Fish and Game red tape fell on Giles' shoulders. Had it not been for his past experience and the few important contacts he has made over the years, the whole thing could have wound up as one gigantic disappointment for these young heroes. It seems the State Department of Fish and Game frowns on unlicensed hunters. The department also takes a dim view of nimrods firing their muskets from moving vehicles and since neither of these rulings could be complied with, Giles had to get Smokey the Bear and his cohorts to look the other way. As soon as he got his request on the Fish and Game agenda, at their Bakersfield meeting last week he got the green light and the show was on!

We arrived at the 1000-acre club around 9:30 on a clear, warm day. The Rotary contingent was comprised of Giles, president Bill Rei, Al Morgan, Dr. Cliff Forsyth, Gus Spilker, Randy Smith. Their guests came from every hamlet in the country—the country they gave so much for.

NO ENEMY HERE

With gregarious Mike Sutsos, manager of the club directing the hunt, we climbed into a massive sled which was towed by an ancient, yet efficient tractor. As we crawled through the stubble, the excited hunters were squinting in search of an elusive pheasant. Not too long ago, these same eyes were squinting in search of a sniping VC but Thursday things were

more relaxed. There was no chance of anyone returning their fire.

Shortly after we started, "Bulls Eye," an uncanny German shorthair came to a rigid point. "Okay," Mike shouted, "who's gonna be first?" Dave Anderson, a good looking kid from Alabama eagerly volunteered. In seconds, the bird flew, Dave fired and dropped the first of 80 birds. Shouts of, "Great shot, Dave," roared from the hunting sled. It soon became evident that Dave had done some hunting and was no stranger to a 12 gauge. "I've done a little squirrel huntin' back home," he drawled.

Our sled was occupied by guys missing a leg or an arm, and several little motorized contraptions carried the double amputee hunters. Despite the loss of both limbs, they were equally successful in their hunt.

CHOW CALL

Around noon, we returned to the clubhouse where cans of cold beer and soft drinks were eagerly quaffed by all and then it was time for lunch. Because this was a he-man day, the Rotarians wisely served a fare designed for men. No lady-like petite fours for this crew! Instead, a tossed green salad followed by mountains of southern fried chicken, well laden with country gravy and topped with lemon pie.

Following lunch, it was back to the fields for more hunting. Forsyth, an ardent sportsman who spent his days as a "back-up gun" without firing a shot, was heard to say, "Never have I seen more birds killed with fewer shots. These guys are terrific—and it doesn't seem to matter if they have one arm or not!"

A day of hunting taxes any man and a bit of the grape is in order. Besides, there were some toasts to be made—in other words, it was the "cocktail hour!"

A few drinks and much more conversation finally came to an end when the battleship gray Navy bus appeared at the house. Solid handshakes, much backslapping and sincere thanks from everyone wound up a most memorable day.

When I first rolled into the Black Point Game Bird Club and saw our companions for the day, I wondered if I could make it. "This could be the longest day of my life," I thought, as I gazed at a kid with one limp trouser leg. "He couldn't be more than 18 or 19," I thought. As I learned later, the average age of our hunters was 19 years.

My fears soon dissipated. . . just as soon as I gathered up the

courage to say, "Hi." Take Jesse Critchell for example. A more handsome youngster you'd never find, with curly black hair, dancing brown eyes and a polite, yet enthusiastic personality. Jesse is 20 and soon to be discharged from Oak Knoll Hospital and the United States Marine Corps. His immediate plans are to return to his home in Sand Point, Idaho where he plans to do some flying with his father, a lumber company executive. "In the fall, I hope to enroll either at the University of Idaho or Idaho State in Pocatello to study architecture." Jesse is certain to make a fine architect and the fact that he will be wearing a prosthetic limb won't hinder him one iota, we are sure.

Then there was "Rocky" Deal, a gangling kid who lost an arm with the Navy in Vietnam. He too, is eagerly looking forward to his discharge so he can get back to school. "Before this," he said looking at the hook that has replaced his right arm, "I wanted to be a tool and die maker but now, I don't know. On second thought, maybe I can still be a tool and die maker!"

And that's the attitude of these kids—optimism—an optimism that so many of us are lacking.

A SGT. REPLIES

Throughout the day a guy with an artificial arm was barking commands and jokingly chastising each member of the group. He sounded much like a Marine Sargent. That's exactly what Corbit Ray was until Korea but, because he adapted to his condition so readily, he was hired by Oak Knoll, and has been there ever since as the chief Prosthetic Instructor.

I asked "Sarge" how the morale was. "Hell, can't you see?" "Yes sir, it's great today, but how is it back at the hospital?" I asked.

"It's just like this. These kids are not about to quit just because they have lost an arm, leg or maybe both. These guys are the cream of American youth—these are the kind of people who should be making the headlines instead of those damned hippies in Berkeley and 'Frisco," he snarled. Having answered the question, he turned his attention to a lanky kid saying, "Hey, you one-legged swamp rat, I'll bet you can't hit the next bird up." "Whaddya wanna bet Sarge? I'll lay \$5 that the next one up is a daid bird." With a squeeze of the trigger, the "one-legged swamp rat" made good his boast and "Sarge" dug out \$5, muttering, "just dumb luck." But you could see the rugged instructor was as happy as his hunter.

I could go on and on reporting the heart-tugging tales of last

Thursday. Like the studious young man from Minnesota who was drafted into the Marine Corps just a little over a year ago. He will return home in a few months minus both legs but even this loss doesn't seem to dampen his enthusiasm to re-enroll at the University of Illinois where he will continue his graduate study in the field of Physics. Nor does the prospect of a permanently stiff knee cloud the eagerness of another young sailor in his anxiety to return to San Angelo, Texas. "I've got too much waitin' for me. My daddy has 1400 acres, and three trucks and he needs some help. Besides that, I'm adopted and I owe it to him."

Then there is Don Love, a handsome 32-year-old, 15-year Navy veteran. He had his leg blown off as he was patrolling a Vietnam river. "Thank God, the thing didn't go off," he reflected, "or I wouldn't be here today. Don had planned on a Navy career but instead will soon become a trainee for AllState Insurance Co. in Oakland."

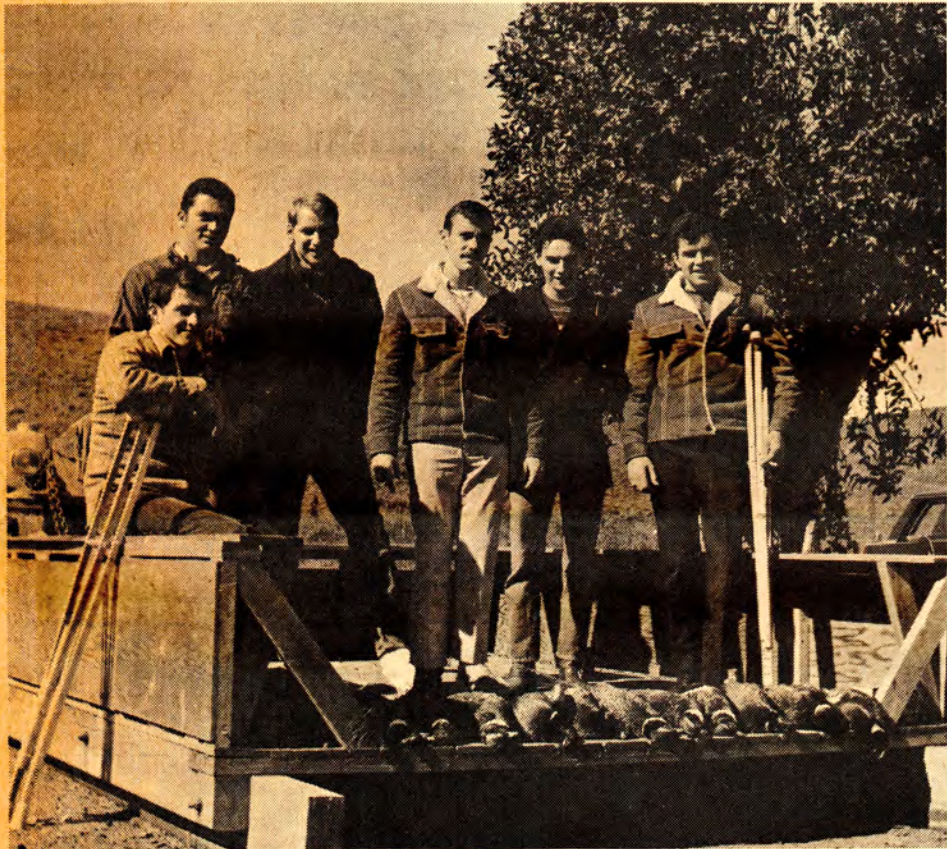
During our day we made no mention of Vietnam other than asking Don, the veteran of the group. When asked if he felt the Vietnam mess could ever come to an end, the Navy Chief candidly said, "Hell no! Not the way we're going about it. If we could get the politicians the hell out and let the military handle it things would end damned soon. You can't win a war when you leave the enemy's supply lines open—and brother, they're wide open!"

These 21 happy hunters will have one more chance to savor this memorable day. Next Monday night, half of the deadly hunters will each be asked to invite an Oak Knoll friend to join him for dinner at Trader Vic's in Oakland. Vic Bergeron, he too an amputee, has promised a pheasant dinner with all the trimmings and will hold a repeat performance the following Monday.

A MOST MEMORABLE DAY

Enroute home Thursday evening, I attempted to analyze my feelings. . . was it pity? . . . did I feel that I should count my blessings? Maybe so, but it was more than that. . . then the realization came to me! "You jerk," I told myself, "you have just been rubbing elbows with 21 of America's finest, and you know now, that in spite of the fact that the Eldridge Cleavers, the Jerry Rubins and Stokley Carmichaels are hogging the headlines, you'll never forget how proud you were to be with them today."

By R. Semmes Gordon, Jr.



Portrait of a Successful Hunt



Mike and the Evidence



Calories Don't Count



Tragedy Doesn't Dim Sense of Humor



Marines Stand Watch



Ray Giles



"Bullseye" Performs



Everyone Needs Someone to Lean On

Everyone Needs Someone
to Lean On

"Bulseye"
Performs

Marines Stand Watch

Tragedy Doesn't Dim Sense of Humor

TEEN TIMES

By Jan Madden

I did finally find out about the Ecology Club that is in the process of forming at San Ramon. So far, the group is in the middle of writing a constitution and has entered into the communications network that is comprised of all the Ecology Clubs in the FAL. Representatives from our school attended a seminar at which the network was formed. As soon as FLORENCE BRASSINGA and her committee have drawn up a suitable constitution, some definite plans will be made as to the activities of the club. Some tentative plans so far are to participate in the National Ecology Teach-In Week, which will be held in April sometime. The founders of the group who include JOEL MOSES, GLENDA BROWN and CINDIE WARNER, would also like to set up an ecology exhibit in the library and hold an anti-smog locomotion day if things work out.



The Drama and Mime Show, which was originally scheduled for Feb. 25 and 26 has been canceled, due to complications. There is a chance, though, that you can still see some of the acts if you have a third or fourth period resource.

Time is flying by, and pretty soon it will be walk-through registration time again. If you are really looking for a good class to fill up your elective period, try Computer Psychology.

Although this semester there is only one psych teacher and only two classes, this is one of the better bets if you are at all interested in yourself and other people. The ultimate goal of the course is to have at some time, a really extended psychology program that offers both beginning and advanced courses. It's really an interesting way to spend a period.

Computer is the class to take if you are interested in making money. I've been told that several kids who went through the computer class at SR have found jobs working in that field. Especially for girls, the computer and data processing fields are ones where you really rake in the dough. There are currently two levels of computer classes running—basic and advanced. The basic class is just what it suggests—learning the basics of working with computers, while the advanced section is set up as a simulated company and the students have the experience of working in a true to life situation.

The Monte Vista basketball game last week was highlighted by the advent of the Girls Rabble Rousers (G.R.R.), our answer to Monte Vista's Ducks. Even that wasn't enough, I guess and once again the Wolves went down to defeat.

Count me as one who is firmly opposed to UC's "fee increase." If the University of California has existed for 101 years without charging students for costs directly related to their education, it seems a very sudden jump to charge resident students of 1972 twice what they are currently paying.

As a senior, finding out about colleges has been one of the most interesting—and confusing—things I've ever done. Everywhere one hears stories about how difficult it is to get into this or that college, but if you visit the campuses, take a look and see just how many buildings are standing empty for lack of students.

In my opinion, a lot of the college overcrowding one hears much about is a political struggle—colleges are trying to get more funding, legislators aren't giving it to them, and so it is the kids who suffer—and the parents who are



Brownies Treat Their Moms

Brownies of Troop 538 hosted their mothers at a party to celebrate "Thinking Day" on Feb. 18, at the Greenbrook Clubhouse. Shown above, front row, (l. to r.) are Deanna Leffler, Sherri Johnson, Barbara Huddleston, Shelleen Brooding, Barbara Lynch, Kristen Rolandelli, Carleen Reinthaler and Denise Barry. In the top row, from left, are Brenda Balaban, Denise Constant, Jo Ann Goodsen, Johanna Byerly, Mary Millonig, Beth Lambert, Sandra Mesa, Cheryl Cooper, Laura Clifford and Lesley Himsl.

Uniting The Fat of the Land!

by Mary Ellen (Meg) Gwynn

In the Nov. 4, 1967 issue of Post magazine, the "Speak Out" column carried an article titled, "More People Should Be Fat," by Lew Louderback of New York. Both Lew and his wife, Ann, are considered fat by our society that is obsessed with the worship of thinness.

In his article, Lew pointed out the areas from social activities to employment to getting health insurance where irrational discrimination is practiced against people who are above the "normal" weight.

There are statistics that show sometimes fat people don't live as long as thin people, but there are no statistics that prove a former fat person has lived longer than he would have if he had remained fat. But these former fatties who stay thin



Reading Panel At Baldwin Thursday

A look at "The Reading Program at Baldwin" is the topic of a panel discussion to be held at that school Thursday evening, Feb. 26, 7:30 pm, featuring Superintendent Warren Linville, who will speak on "The Reading Clinic; Remediation."

Other panelists include: Eleanore Hartson, moderator, who will discuss "The Scope of Reading;" District Consultant Pat Weik to explore "Child Development and Reading Readiness;" Curriculum Consultant Martin Tucker to speak on "Evaluation of Growth in Reading;" School nurse Sandy Schultz to discuss "The Physical Characteristics of the Reader;" Joan Gutmacher and Kay St. Aubin, "Reading in the Primary Grades;" School librarian Ann Flett will discuss "Role of the School Library in the Reading Program;" Joyce Kayser and Barbara Vollick, "Reading in the Upper Elementary Grades."

Baldwin parents are urged to attend. The public is welcome. The panel discussion will be followed by refreshments and a question and answer session.

THE VALLEY PIONEER Wednesday, Feb. 25, 1970 Page 7

Organize Coffees At Green Valley

Green Valley School room mothers, with the help of P-TA board members, are organizing morning coffees to be held the first week in March. The purpose of these informal gatherings is to help mothers get acquainted with the mothers of their children's friends and to talk about school activities, classes, May Day plans, summer school opportunities etc.

Room mothers will be contacting all mothers soon and they hope that these coffees will provide relaxation, new friendships and an opportunity to learn more about Green Valley School.

Mrs. Harold Sconyers is acting as coordinator and may be contacted for more information at 837-5844.

Where
There's
Help,
There's
Hope



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MARCH OF DIMES

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from Detroit
**Maverick
Grabber**
At your
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**HOT SUMMER
COMING UP?????
WE HOPE SO!!!!**

THE REASON WE HOPE SO IS -
WE ENGINEER, SELL, AND INSTALL

QUALITY
PAYNE RESIDENTIAL
AIR CONDITIONING FOR
NEW OR EXISTING HOMES.





Dan McPherson, right, watches Bill Boyd take his first steps on skis at Boreal Ridge ski run

One-Leg Skiing's a Snap

Continued from Page 17

that I have to stay here where I can work with the amputee program."

So he is enrolling at Stanford.

Bill Rablin of Sacramento, president of NASA, said that a few other chapters have been established in other areas where the amputee ski program has been started.

"We want to set up chapters

all around the country to make this program available to everybody who needs it," Rablin said.

Requests come in from all over the country — from amputees, from ski areas and from hospitals — for assistance in setting up similar programs.

The association has been able to finance a few trips for its instructors, and classes

now are operating at Missoula, Montana, Arapahoe Basin, Colorado, and there'll soon be classes at four ski areas in Utah. In the first week of February, Winthers, McPherson and Ben Allen, an amputee and a pre-medical student at the University of California at Davis, went to Park City, Utah, to conduct a four-day clinic for 70 ski instructors from the four areas.

There'll also be a class in Southern California, set up by "graduates," and on March 2 instructors from most Northern California areas will attend a clinic at Boreal Ridge.

The Philadelphia Naval Hospital invited instructors east to start a program, but the association lacked transportation money.

"We start every year in the red and end in the red, so a lot of us have to dig deeper into our own pockets to pay the bills," Graham said.

Nobody in the organization receives a penny. There's no salary to pay and no rent. Boreal Ridge donated the small building used as ski school headquarters.

"We use their equipment and they even provide us with help when we need it," Graham said.

A majority of the support comes from donations of \$15 (fully tax deductible which entitle the donor to a membership card and pin. There are larger donations, though, such as the two snowmobiles which haul the beginner skier uphill until he is able to ride a chair lift.

Winthers has written a book, "National Amputee

Skiers Technique," which is about to come off the press. The association hopes that the book will help other areas interested in starting a program, and at the same time bring in needed revenue—maybe for a trip to Philadelphia.

Anyone interested in further particulars may write:

National Amputee Skiers Assn.,

3738 Walnut Ave.,

Carmichael, Calif. 95608.

No, there's no rent for that address, either. It's Winther's office — the place he makes his living when he's not helping amputees or conducting a made ski lessons possible for public school ski program that 6,000 children last season.

☆☆☆ Tues., Mar. 17, 1970

4 San Francisco Chronicle

Meningitis Victim Is Recovering

A Coast Guard recruit was reported in good condition and recovering from spinal meningitis at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland yesterday.

The Coast Guard said recruit Thomas Dean Gregory, 19, of Seattle became ill last Friday with what was first thought to be an appendicitis attack. On Saturday the diagnosis of spinal meningitis was made.

Gregory has been undergoing recruit training at the Coast Guard's school at Alameda. The Coast Guard said routine precautions to prevent an outbreak of the disease are being taken.

There have been only two cases of meningitis among Coast Guard recruits at Alameda in the 30 years the training school has been there. The previous one occurred in June, 1969.

PRESENTATION AT NAVAL HOSPITAL, OAKLAND



LCDR Gordon W. Tinker, CEC, USN, has received the Army Commendation Medal for meritorious achievement while serving as Chief, Army Programs Section and Lines of Communications Officer in Charge of Construction, Vietnam (OICC-RVN). The 32-year-old officer, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank V. Tinker, 433 Virginia Ave., San Mateo, Calif., is now on duty at Naval Hospital, Oakland, where he reported as Resident Officer in Charge of Construction and Public Works Officer last June.

LCDR Tinker served in Vietnam for 13 months: managed a major highway restoration program that involved design of more than 2500 kilometers of road construction and 1300 kilometers of highways by civilian contractors, coordinating their work with that of Army Engineers and Navy Seabees, and was also involved in developing real estate acquisition procedures for right-of-way for the new roads.

As the Army's "highway man" in the OICC-RVN, from April 29, 1968, to May 3, 1969, he was the first man to hold the job. According to the Army citation, "He contributed materially to the successful accomplishment of the United States' mission in Vietnam."

The presentation was made by RADM H. P. Mahin, MC, USN, Commanding Officer, Naval Hospital, Oakland. Looking on with interest was LCDR Tinker's wife, Carla.

The BULLDOZER

Published by and for the
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WESTERN DIVISION
NAVAL FACILITIES
ENGINEERING COMMAND

NAVY TIMES

APRIL 1, 1970



A Bite of Birthday Cake

MEDICAL CORPS officers celebrate their organization's first birthday—at age 99—with a piece of cake at Naval Hospital, Oakland. Lt. Frank Bishop (right), 24, youngest intern aboard, is served the first piece by Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, the hospital's CO. At left in cocked hat and frock coat with epaulets (like those worn by Medical Corps officers 50 years ago) is Capt. Hampton Hubbard, hospital executive officer. Hubbard and members of the Officers' Wives Club later toured the hospital, serving cake to bed patients.

6 Oakland Tribune Thurs., March 5, 1970



Frosting on Deck

Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, commander of Oakland Naval Hospital, ceremoniously feeds a bite of birthday cake to Lt. Frank Bishop, 24, the hospital's youngest intern, as Capt. Hampton Hubbard, executive officer, stands by in ancient Naval Medical Corps uniform with cocked hat and massive epaulets. The celebration this week commemorated the Medical Corps' 99th year.

Disabled GI visited by mother

OAKLAND — An Oklahoma woman reunited earlier this week with her 19-year-old son, who was severely wounded in Vietnam, met yesterday at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital with the persons who made the trip possible.

Gathering in the office of the hospital commander, Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, were Marine Lance Cpl. John T. Nees; his mother, Mrs. Rosetta Nees; John B. Engberg of San Leandro, past state commander of the American Veterans of World War II and Korea, and Raymond P. Miller, commander of Disabled American Veterans, Oakland Chapter No. 7.

Nees lost both his legs below the knees on Jan. 20, from injuries sustained by an enemy explosive device. After treatment in Da Nang, he was admitted to Oak Knoll on Jan. 30. He had been in Vietnam just over a year.

"Ever since John entered the hospital, he was a favorite of everyone," Engberg said. "All the nurses and doctors told Commander Miller and myself that they wished his mother could be flown out

here under 'Operation Sleighride,' since he had no family on the coast."

Operation Sleighride, he explained, was started nearly 20 years ago by AMVETS to pay the traveling expenses to the hospital during Christmas for servicemen's families.

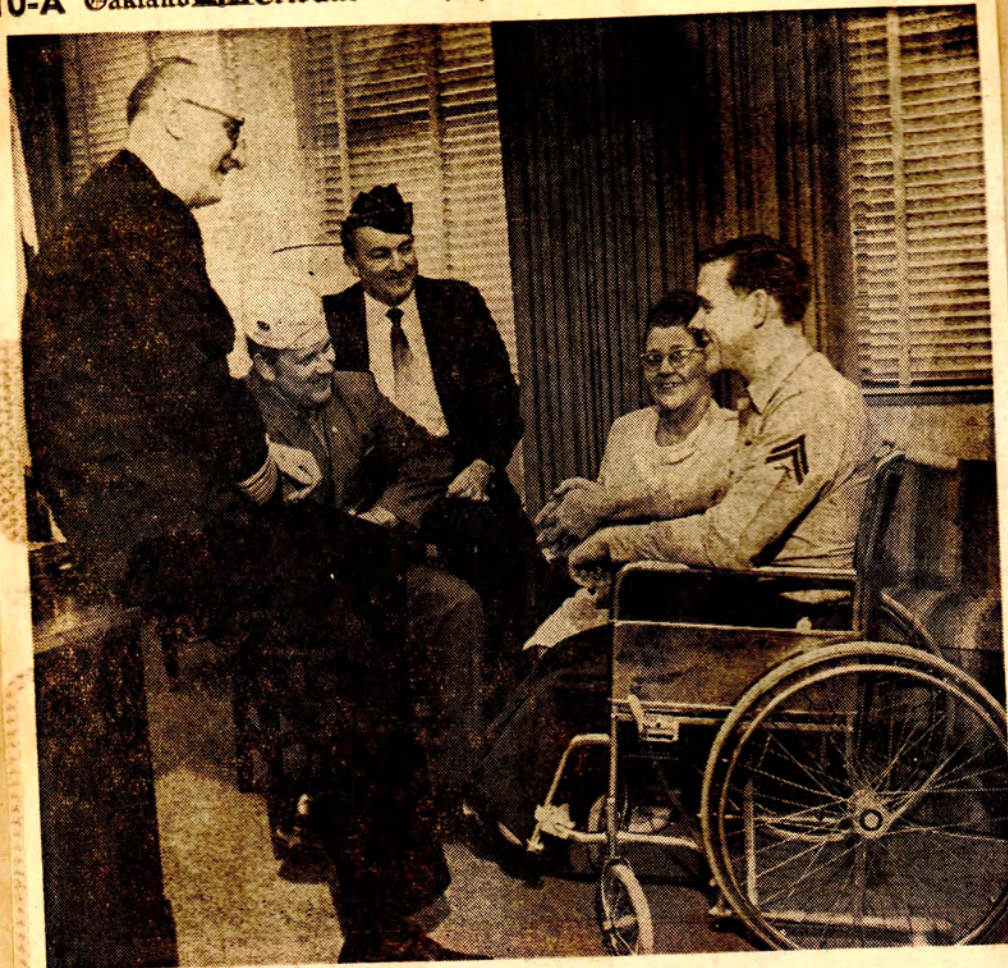
"But we didn't have this same necessity at Christmas as the years went by, so now it's not restricted to any particular season," he added.

A very joyful Nees called his mother late last week, telling her that plane fare of about \$240 was being sent, and that housing would be provided for her. She arrived Monday, and they have enjoyed sightseeing and shopping, but as Nees jokes, "Mom won't buy any hippie clothes."

Mrs. Nees will return to her home in Oklahoma City tomorrow, where she has three other children, including two sons who are also Vietnam veterans. John, who was in the First Marine Division, plans to join her as soon as his treatment is completed so that he can finish school and begin working.



VIETNAM VETERAN JOHN NEES, RIGHT, AND MOTHER MEET WITH BENEFACTORS
From left, Rear Admiral H. P. Mahin, John Engberg, Raymond Miller



Operation Sleighride

Marine Lance Cpl. John T. Nees, 19, (right) is reunited with his mother, Mrs. Rosetta Nees of Midwest City, Okla. at Oakland Naval Hospital. Mrs. Nees was flown here under 'Operation Sleighride,' sponsored by the Oakland Post 44 and San Leandro Post 6 AMVETS, and Oakland DAV. Looking on are (left to right): Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin; John B. Engberg, AMVETS; and Raymond P. Miller, DAV.



A Bite of Birthday Cake

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World of Women



Modern Art photo
MRS. DAVID HARTUNG

Lynn Brechtel Wed

Lynn Yvonne Brechtel and David Paul Hartung were married in the chapel of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Oakland where her parents, the William Brechtels of Hayward, were wed 30 years ago.

The 4 p.m. ceremony was followed by a reception in the Officers Club at Alameda Naval Air Station. After a honeymoon in Northern California and Oregon, the newlyweds will live in Fremont.

David is the son of the Charles Hartungs of Pittsburgh, Pa. They formerly lived

in New Guinea, where the bride's parents spent 21 years in the Lutheran missionary outside of Madang.

Lynn studied at the University of California at Santa Barbara and graduated from San Jose State College. She chose her sister Kristine for her maid of honor. Mrs. John Marchetti and Mrs. Thomas Fort were bridesmaids.

Charles Hartung was his brother's best man. Donald Brechtel, the bride's brother, and Thomas Fort were ushers.



Operation Sleighride



"OPERATION SLEIGHRIDE"

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS, OAKLAND CHAPTER 7, and AMVETS, OAKLAND POST NO. 44 and SAN LEANDRO, "D-DAY" POST NO. 6, program was started in 1950, at the Oakland Naval Hospital.

The original program was designed to bring parents of the most severely wounded veterans to be with them during the holiday season.

Parents and wives were brought from New York State, the Carolinas, Florida, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Louisiana and Puerto Rico, during the years of the Korean Conflict.

The VIETNAM Conflict brought a new urgency to the existing program....patients unable to afford a visit from their family....patients in need of immediate morale uplift....the call came in and AMVETS and the DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS utilized their resources and programs to finance the expense paid trips and housing for the family members.

The requirements: that the patient need to have his family member be with him and that they be unable to finance the journey. The Medical Staff provided the names of patients and AMVETS and the DAV dug into their reserves, began to raise funds and make arrangements to fly the family members to the Oakland Naval Hospital. Funds from individuals, the NAVAL OFFICERS WIVES CLUB, Alameda Naval Air Station, aided the organizations. The President of an airlines made his annual personal donation and GOLDEN GATES FIELDS FOUNDATION provided additional monies.

The first patients families began arriving. A Marine corporals parents from Idaho; the mother of a completely paralyzed Marine from Texas; mother father and fiancée from North Carolina, and on and on and on they came. Wounded veterans with single amputations, double amputations, severe burn cases, stomach, chest and head wounds. Their families all began arriving....and then the holiday season ended. The families returned home and the wounded veterans began a new outlook on life.

SLEIGHRIDE is no longer a 45 day program, it is now 365 days long with AMVETS and the DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS working to bring the families to be with their sons and husbands.

The annual program exceeds \$5,000.00. It is a continuing struggle for the organizations to maintain a sufficient bank account. Donations are accepted and will be utilized ONLY for this program. If you are interested, please use this form to mail us a donation.

TO: OPERATION SLEIGHRIDE - AMVETS/D.A.V.
VETERANS MEMORIAL BUILDING.
200 GRAND AVENUE.
OAKLAND, Ca. 94610

HERE IS MY DONATION TO YOUR YEAR LONG PROGRAM OF SERVICE TO WOUNDED VETERANS.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

ZIP: _____ STATE: _____





'Hello Hawaii'

Red Cross volunteer L. W. Barrett Jr. (center) and recreation worker Susan Simmons help serviceman Tom Ravey make a 'voice letter' at Oakland Naval Hospital for his family in Hilo, Hawaii. They spend one night a week in the hospital, recording up to 10 messages a night on Barrett's own equipment.

Sick Sailor Taken From Ship at Sea

A seaman stricken with a bleeding ulcer some 300 miles off the Southern California coast was in good condition today, thanks to the efforts of four governmental agencies.

Jose Betencourt, a seaman aboard the freighter Ciudad de Tasto, is resting comfortably at Balboa Park Hospital in San Diego.

The freighter was about 600 miles south of Los Angeles when Betencourt's plight became desperate.

A call to the Public Health

Service Hospital in San Francisco resulted in six pints of blood rushed by the California Highway Patrol to Metropolitan Oakland International Airport.

A Coast Guard helicopter took the blood to Hamilton Air Force Base where an Air Force C130 Hercules rescue plane took over.

Two para-rescue men, T-Sgt. Dalfora R. V. Widner and S. Sgt. Darrol D. Herbert parachuted to the freighter with the blood but found that

no transfusion was needed.

When the freighter came within 300 miles off San Diego, another Coast Guard helicopter took off and brought Betencourt in.

Rescue Try For Stricken Seaman

An inter-service rescue attempt, spanning a thousand miles of ocean, is under way today to save a desperately ill seaman aboard a Colombian freighter.

It began in the early morning hours with a call to Public Health Service Hospital in San Francisco via Coast Guard radio from the freighter Ciudad de Tasto, about 600 miles south of Los Angeles on the open sea.

The message indicated a seaman, Jose Batencourt, 43, was in dire need of medical attention.

After hearing of Batencourt's symptoms, Public Health Service doctors set efforts in motion to provide the sailor with a blood transfusion.

Six pints of blood were rushed by the California Highway Patrol from the Oakland Naval Hospital to a Coast Guard helicopter at Oakland International Airport.

The helicopter sped the blood to Hamilton Air Force Base where an Air Force C130 Hercules rescue plane immediately took off for the ship, about a thousand miles away.

The para-rescue men, T-Sgt. Dalfora R. V. Widner and S-Sgt. Darrol D. Herbert, both of the 41st Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Squadron, were expected to parachute to the Ciudad de Tasto with the blood to perform a transfusion.

A Coast Guard helicopter is standing by at San Diego to evacuate the patient when the ship arrives within about 300 miles southwest of that city this afternoon.



Family Tradition

Just before Comdr. Robert V. L'Italien retired after 25 years in the Navy yesterday, he saw to it that the L'Italien family name remained in the service. In an emotional scene he swore his 21-year-old daughter, Laura Anne, into the Navy Nurse Corps Candidate Program. L'Italien has served the past two years as administrative officer at the Oakland Naval Hospital where the ceremony took place. Today he assumed his new job as assistant administrator of St. Rose Hospital in Hayward. Laura Anne returns to Highland Hospital to continue nursing school.

Tribune photos by Leo Cohen



**Saturday
Scene**

In This Section

Theaters • Radio • TV

Classified Shopping Center

World of Women

Oakland ~~Star~~ Tribune Sat., July 4, 1970 15-E

TEEN

Age!

Oakland Tribune Sat., July 11, 1970 15-E



Kathryn Popenoe, junior at Oakland's Skyline High earned the annual Junior Army Navy Guild Organization Red Rose Award presented to the JANGO who best typifies the ideal in junior hospital service at Oakland Naval Hospital. Kathryn is the daughter of Air Force Maj. Charles Popenoe (Ret.) and Mrs. Popenoe, 5080 Parkridge Dr., Oakland.

44^{5C}★ Oakland Tribune Sun., July 19, 1970

Navy Death Quiz Urged at Alameda

NEW YORK (AP) — Rep. Mario Biaggi Saturday called for an immediate U.S. Navy Department investigation into the death of a New York sailor last January at Alameda, Calif.

The Bronx Democrat labeled the death of 19-year-old Edwin Perez, "suspicious." He said it occurred shortly after the boy had told his parents he feared for his life if he returned to duty.

Biaggi announced at a news conference that he had sent a letter to Navy Secretary John Chafee requesting the investigation.

In the letter, Biaggi criticized the Navy's handling of the post-mortem investigation

of the death of Perez who was a fireman assigned to the USS Delta based at Alameda at the time.

According to Biaggi, the dead sailor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Otilio Perez of Manhattan, received a "sudden and shocking" notification of their son's death shortly after his shipmates discovered his fully clothed body in his bunk on Jan. 31.

The family received an official death report from the Navy listing the cause of death as "acute meningitis" on February 4, the same day that Perez's body arrived in New York in a sealed casket accompanied by a Navy escort officer, Biaggi said.

According to Biaggi, the

family, "knowing that their son was in good health and recalling that he had previously expressed fear for his life," opened the casket and discovered "numerous bruises on the face, arm and side of the body."

The family doctor was called and stated, according to Biaggi: "These bruises are not symptoms of death by acute meningitis."

The Perezes notified the Navy escort who told California Navy officials that the family questioned the death report.

The family then received a second death report which listed the cause of death as "asphyxia secondary to aspiration following alcohol ingestion," Biaggi said.

Wed., July 29, 1970 ☆☆ San Francisco Chronicle 29

HERB CAEN



Wake Me When It's Over

ROLAND KREVITT spotted the Hippie Hitchhiker-of-the-Week on University in Berkeley yesterday. His sign read reassuringly: "No Cannibal — Denver" ... Headline-of-the-Week, culled by Howard L. Seemann in the Eureka Times-Standard: "Nixon Stands Pat on Subsidy Ceiling." Poor dear, with all that blood rushing to her head ... Superflash: Mayor John Reading had his tank filled by Carol Doda! I mean at the opening of Synanon's new service station at 27th and Grove-Shafter Freeway in Oakyoakyland ... And yes, that WAS Jane Fonda at Alvin Duskin's dress manufactory at Third and Bryant. She hankers to do a documentary on the Black Panthers and wants Alvin, who backed the "Fidel" film, to produce it. Alvin didn't say yes or no since he would like Jane to keep dropping in for conferences ... Jumpin' Joe Dolan, KGO's hardest hitter, has quit his talk-show to take the State bar exams next month (he's a Harvard Law School grad), after which he hopes to spellbind local juries, preferably as a member of Charles Garry's garrylous crew.

★ ★ ★

WITH ITS usual disregard for credit, Time magazine features Ashleigh Brilliant's brilliant postcard in its July 27 issue—"It's Really Quite a Simple Choice: Life, Death or Los Angeles"—entirely without credit, of course, to Shrader St.'s Ashleigh ... Remember the four S.F. motorized cable cars that were sent to Expo 70 at a cost of almost \$20,000? Well, the S.F. Pavilion there is so strapped for bread that they're up for sale to any Japanese with \$5000 and a yen ... Trader Vic Bergeron, who spends most of his spare time working with war amputees (he has only one leg himself), has been rewarded by Navy Secty. John Chafee with one of the Navy's civilian awards ... "Now tomorrow," said Kaiser's Dick Dickson to his 70-yr-old father, visiting from New York, "I'm going to show you the crookedest street in the world." "But son," replied Pop, "I've already SEEN Montgomery street."

JULY 26, 1970

SOCIETY
CLUB NEWS
FASHION
FEATURES

THE SUNDAY TRIBUNE

World of Women

Child Care Centers— A National Trend?



Mrs. Pauline Coates comforts young Bridget O'Neil after a playground mishap at U.S. Naval Hospital day care center

By JAN SILVERMAN
Tribune Staff Writer

The growing clamor for child care centers, which militant feminists have been demanding so loudly of late, is being quietly answered by a few far-sighted American industries and institutions.

Avco Corporation recently opened a day care center at its plant in Boston, and a KLH stereo assembly plant in nearby Cambridge is operating a similar facility.

One mother working at the Avco plant is delighted with the arrangement. She doubts if she would be able to work if it weren't for the nursery.

"Regular baby-sitting services are too unreliable," she explains. "Besides, the Avco center provides medical services and trained teachers and supervisors, and if Oscar needs me, I'm right down the hall."

While such services are still rare in this country — most of the others are operated by Southern textile mills — there are indications that they are arousing considerable interest at scores of large industries.

Some of the biggest were represented at a recent Chicago conference held by Urban Research Corporation on the subject of child care centers.

The Women's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Labor recently surveyed public and private hospitals across the nation to find out how many provided child care facilities for their employees.

Of the nearly 2,000 hospitals which responded, 98 were op-



Tribune photos by Leo Cohen

Twin rocking horses amuse Alicia Lamox (left) and Heather Campbell under watchful eye of Mrs. Rosetta Shears in nursery at U.S. Naval Hospital

erating such centers. An additional 500 showed varying degrees of interest in starting them.

One of the hospitals responding in the affirmative was the U.S. Naval Hospital at Oakland, which has operated a nursery for a number of years for the children of Navy personnel.

It has been directed for the last 14 years by Mrs. Pauline Coates, who studied child development at Stores College,

Maryland. About seven of the 30 children spend the day there while their mothers work. Others are there on a drop-in basis.

Most of the other hospitals reported that their nurseries were operating near capacity and were useful in attracting and holding skilled and reliable employees.

With ever-increasing numbers of American women going to work, be it out of necessity or as an expression of

self-fulfillment, the need for competent child care is apparent.

Hiring some one to take care of children in the home is expensive, and while there are still a few women who take a personal interest in their charges, most baby-sitters seem to consider it "just a job."

Private nursery schools vary considerably in their quality, mothers report, and the good ones are some-

times prohibitive in cost, especially for multi-children families.

The Federal Government now supports day care facilities for more than 600,000 children across the nation, most of them operating in conjunction with various welfare and job training programs.

In Oakland five Parent-Child Development Centers care for the children of the hard-core unemployed while

Continued Page 4-S, Col. 5

JULY 26, 1970

SOCIETY
CLUB NEWS
FASHION
FEATURES

T H E S U N

World of

The End

The endive is a versatile vegetable, not limited to its usual salad role, as Julia demonstrates with several side dish suggestions tonight at 6:30 on KQED, Channel 9.

By JULIA CHILD
THE ENDIVE SHOW

Chicory, succory, witloof or chichorium intybinum — whatever you call it, endive is a beautiful vegetable. Neatly boxed, the pale pointed heads lying in neat rows between layers of blue paper, endives look expensive — and they are. Although endives can be grown anywhere, the Belgians have made a specialty of its cultivation, and almost all that we buy is imported. Endive is a member of the chicory, or curly lettuce family; it is grown in special trenches, covered with light soil until the heads swell into the characteristic spike-shaped form. Entirely devoid of light, endives remain white except for the pale greenish yellow at their tips.

Endive is familiar in salads, either alone or combined with water cress or other greens, but it is delicious as a cooked vegetable when you want something new and unusual. Serve cooked endive with roast steaks and chops; it goes particularly well with veal and chicken.

Buying and storing endive: This is a winter vegetable; the season is from late October through March. Select firm, white heads all of the same size (four to five inches long), and be sure that each is tightly closed into a point at the tip. The tips of poor, old or end-of-season endives are open, and show traces of yellowish green rather than of pale greenish yellow. Endives will keep a week or more, wrapped in slightly dampened paper towels and placed in a plastic bag in the refrigerator. For cooked endives, count two to three per person.

Trimming and washing: With a small knife, shave any discolored bits off the root-end of each endive, being careful not to loosen outside leaves. Endive has a slightly bitter taste that is presumably concentrated in the root: You may core a cone-shaped piece out of the root if you wish. Run cold water over the endives, drain, and they are ready to cook.

Blanching or pre-cooking: Again, because of the slightly bitter taste, some cooks like to blanch endives.

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Julie Wood is
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World

green and navy were inset as a yoke, belt and hem band for a navy dress.

Oakland Tri

MITZOU handles leather just as she might jersey or silk, does not hesitate to put a knife-pleated skirt on a long-torso dress of tile red, then add a removable shoulder cape to the matching red suede coat. She sometimes cuts edges into fringe, combines colors glowingly — as putting a big round blue collar, with cut fringe edging it, on a lilac tunic over a brown skirt. But she can also tailor primly a slate blue suit with white calfskin midi coat pants outfit. There were several maxi coats, all of proportions. One in Per rug tapestry pattern was in three tiers, the top forming a yoke and a deep back capelet falling from it to make a great pyramid of the two tiers. A printed hops wool in browns and black used for a maxi with fitted bodice and shoulder cape. trim and slender model wearing red midi reefer with blue velvet collar and two white

M.I.-AIDED AMPUTEES WILL HOLD REUNION

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY
Times-Herald Staff Writer

It's an exclusive club, but no one ever has clamored for membership in it. Yet those who belong might fairly consider themselves somewhat of a breed apart, and pioneers in a sense.

These are World War II amputees who came to the brace shop at the old Mare Island Naval Hospital from 1943 to 1950 to have their wounds healed and prosthetic limbs fitted to replace the real ones that had been shot or blown away in

such places as Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

There were 3,000 of them who came to Mare Island during the late world war minus an arm or a leg, or in the rare case, all four, and there developed a bond among them that seemingly becomes more firmly cemented with each passing year.

Because of this camaraderie, the Mare Island Amputees of World War II are planning a gala 25th anniversary reunion Oct. 2 and 3 in Reno, Nev.

The veterans who dreamed up the idea of a silver anniversary get-together honestly would like to see everyone of their old "shipmates on the ward" at the Mare Island hospital turn out for the occasion, but being realists, they know this is something that can't happen.

So, failing 100 per cent attendance at the 1970 roll call, they'd settle for something less, and already it looks as though a surprising number are going to show up.

W. M. Todd, a leg amputee who now is a real estate broker in San Lorenzo, is acting as

chairman of the reunion, and said that "without even trying, we've got iron-clad assurance already that 100 of the guys and their wives are coming to our party."

Now, Todd is working on the other 2,900.

"I really don't think any of them would miss it if they could help it," he said. "But we know there are a lot of things to take into consideration."

"For example, we've already had to change the original date of the get-together. We had

See ANNIVERSARY Page 3

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VALLEJO, CALIF.—HOME OF MARE ISLAND NAVAL SHIPYARD—SUNDAY, AUG. 9, 1970

6 SECTIONS — 68 PAGES



Since 1970 marks the 25th anniversary of their "graduation" from the brace section of the old Mare Island Naval Hospital, a reunion is planned in Reno Oct. 2 and 3 for as many of the 3,000 amputees who received artificial limbs at the

hospital as can make it. Planning the gala event are, seated from left, W. M. Todd, chairman, and Sid Sanders, co-chairman. Standing are Eldon Cross, Claud Eaton and Charles Asbelle.—Times-Herald Photo.

MORE ON ANNIVERSARY

Reunion Planned By MI Amputees

From PAGE ONE

hoped to hold it in mid-September, but ran up against a conflict and had to change all our plans. Those who have contacted us, though, have expressed satisfaction with the October dates," Todd added.

His co-chairman, incidentally, is Vallejoan Sid Sanders, also a leg amputee, who makes his home at 265 Watson Lane. Sanders' telephone, incidentally, is 643-7888, and Todd who resides at 17006 Meekland Ave., Hayward 94541, can be reached at 415-278-4242 during working hours, and at 415-278-0615 in the evenings.

They are attempting to contact their fellow World War II amputees who endured the trauma of losing limbs in combat and having artificial ones fitted at Mare Island.

The amputees already have outright assurance that three former officers-in-charge of the brace shop will be with them when they celebrate their silver anniversary. These are retired Navy captains Douglas D. Toffelmier, Henry H. Kessler and Thomas J. Canty.

To Vallejoans, the name Captain Canty probably is the most familiar of the three, since he was stationed at the naval hospital some 15 years, and was the last O-I-C of the brace shop, moving with it to Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in 1950.

The 3,000 who came to Mare Island certainly were not the only combat amputee veterans of World War II, and just as certainly there have been hundreds of similar casualties in Korea and Vietnam since.

But these were the ones who came to Mare Island to learn to live again, and to learn that life can be beautiful even if you don't possess all the equipment originally issued.

Moreover, the Mare Island brace shop occupies a special spot in their hearts, because it was at the Mare Island facility that the great break-through in the treatment of amputees occurred.

Charley Asbelle, of Oakland, who saw them all come and go at Mare Island and who still is in the business as director of prosthetics research at Oak Knoll, explained it this way:

"If you got an arm or a leg shot off in the first World War, a magnanimous government gave you a ticket good for the purchase of an artificial replacement from a private manufacturer.

"If it didn't work out, it was useless to ask for another — you wouldn't get it.

"Then, in 1943, the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery established its first prosthetic limb facility at Mare Island; research was undertaken and it was almost unbelievably successful in improving the artificial arms and legs over what had been available previously," Asbelle added.

His words were attested by the three leg amputees who came to a planning conference of the reunion committee with him. Two of them, Todd, and Atty. Harry Towne, Sacramento, walked with just the slightest trace of a limp, while Sanders, an above-the-knee amputee, had a little more difficulty getting around.

"Sure, we're handicapped," Todd said, "everyone is in one way or another. But we can't let it get us down. Most of us have good jobs; we compete with everyone else for our livelihood, and I'd have to say that as a general rule we fare pretty well."

Some have done better than "pretty well." Todd told of one wardmate who has managed to amass a fortune of more than a million dollars since leaving the brace shop.

There might be others, but financial status is of no concern to the brace shop grads as they prepare for their reunion in Reno.

Reservations should be made as soon as possible, since available hotel and motel rooms are in limited supply on weekends. Just drop a line to Todd or Sanders, or telephone them and they will take care of the rest.

Father Held in Infant Beating

ALAMEDA—A 4-month-old baby is reported in "very critical condition" with a fractured skull at Oakland Naval Hospital, and his father, a Navy petty officer, has been charged with child beating.

PO 3.C Gary R. Larson, 23, a crewman of the USS Hancock, appeared in Alameda Municipal Court yesterday on a charge of inflicting two serious head wounds to Scott Nicholas Larson last Saturday.

Municipal Court Judge George McDonald instructed Larson to appear next Monday to make a plea. Meanwhile, Larson will be held at the Alameda NAS brig.

Wed., Aug. 12, 1970

Oakland Tribune

Navy Seaman Killed When Cable Snaps

One sailor was killed and an Alameda man lost his leg yesterday when a cable snapped aboard the attack aircraft carrier Coral Sea in drydock at Hunters Point Naval Shipyard.

The 12th Naval District identified the dead man as Bosun's Mate First Class Henry W. Maui of Philadelphia, Pa.

Chief Bosun's Mate Leo Hutson, of 2098 Santa Rosa Circle, Alameda, lost his right leg in the accident. He is recovering at the Oakland Naval Hospital, according to a Navy spokesman.

Sailor Michael F. Wood suffered minor injuries and was treated aboard ship.

NAS Hobby Shop Aids "Craft Project"

By JOSN Robin Hart

If you took a walk down the halls of 7 North or 7 West at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital any day of the week and took a peek in one of the many rooms, what would you find?

You'd find at least one table by a bed with paint brush and painting utensils on it. And you'd find at least one Marine or Sailor working on his ceramic project.

The seventh floor of Oak Knoll Hospital, 7 North and/or 7 West, are the amputee wards where operation "Craft Project" takes place everyday of the week.

It all began four and one half years ago when Cdr. M.J. Wathem, Head Nurse at the Amputee Ward decided the amputee patients needed something to do while they were confined to bed. One can only watch so much television!

Under the guidance of the

Occupational Therapy Department (O.T.D.) and in cooperation with the Red Cross "Craft Project" began. Fran Thruston from the Red Cross and Kaye Barnett got things rolling by teaching ceramics to the boys.

One month later they were joined by Esther French, who brought in collage work. Mrs. French is the wife of Capt. Louis French, retired, Commanding Officer of NAS Alameda from April 1953 to June 1956.

They had a small set-up then, with O.T.D. supplying the greenware and related materials, plus doing the firing.

During the move from the old barracks to the new hospital, the ceramic section of the O.T.D. was shut down, making it necessary to find help elsewhere. It was then that the Hobby Shop at NAS Alameda came to the rescue.

What was first thought to be a catastrophe turned out to be a blessing in disguise. With permission from Capt. Vance Dawkins, then C.O. of the air station and the wholehearted support of the present C.O., Capt. James Holbrook, Agnes Rewoldt, who was in charge of the NAS Ceramics Shop, began doing the firing.

Now, some two years later, the air station is still doing the firing — but "business" has quadrupled.

Donations from such organizations as the Kiwanas of Chabot, The Montclair Lions and The Alameda County Veterinary Medical Association allow them to buy the slip (liquid clay used to make mold), brushes, special glazes and specifically requested items of greenware not available through NAS Alameda.

Putting the slip to good use

at the hobby shop are Esther French and husband, retired Capt. Louis French. They spend most every Saturday and Wednesday afternoons at the hobby shop working on each weeks load of ceramics from the hospital. Also helping them to "pour" occasionally are Mrs. B.J. Carter and her group of Rainbow Girls. Many anonymous donors also leave donations for "Craft Project" on the

shelves in the hobby shop set aside for Oak Knoll.

As Kaye Barnett summed it up, "Routine at the hospital is Christmas every Thursday." With the increase in participation — 75% as opposed to 5% in the beginning — they now need a guerney to bring in the weekly projects. They've also added a few people to

Continued on Page 7



Ceramics Project is helping morale at Oak Knoll thanks to the volunteer work of former NAS Commanding Officer Captain Louis French and his wife, Esther. In Picture #1 Esther French watches as the Captain pours the slip into one of the many molds. The finished molds are taken to the hospital for the patients to paint. Picture #2 shows (left to right) Kaye Barnette, Mavis Waidler and Mrs. French admiring L/Cpl. C.S. Jordan's finished ceramics. In Picture #3 shows Cpl. John Harris, Jr., of Little Rock, Ark. doing his first ceramics work. In Picture #4 Cpl. Tommie Brock, of Houston, Texas, shows off his pieces of art.

Sat., Aug. 29, 1970

Oakland ~~Star~~ Tribune

Navy Man Faces Murder Charge

Gary R. Larson, a Navy petty officer, was held yesterday for Superior Court on a murder charge in the beating death of his 4-month old infant son.

Alameda Municipal Court Judge George McDonald instructed PO 3/C Larson, 23, to appear in Superior Court Sept. 25.

Larson's son, Scott Nicholas Larson, died at Oakland Naval Hospital Aug. 12 of multiple skull fractures. He was admitted Aug. 1.

TEEN Age!

Oakland ~~Star~~ Tribune
14-E Sat., Sept. 5, 1970

Some 64 teens who have given 3,550 hours of volunteer service in Alameda and Contra Costa County Red Cross Chapters during the past three months were honored at

a tea at Oakland Naval Hospital on Tuesday as they prepared to return to school. Unit chairmen for Red Cross Volunteers are Deanne Young, Arroyo High, San Lorenzo; Terry Taylor, St. Joseph Notre Dame High, Alameda; Florence Inserto, Presentation High, Berkeley; and Deborah Hays, Contra Costa College, Richmond.

★ ★ ★

★★ Wed., Aug. 12, 1970

36 San Francisco Chronicle

Hunters Pt. Carrier Tragedy

A sailor was killed and two other sailors were injured yesterday in an accident aboard the carrier USS Coral Sea at the Hunters Point shipyard.

The Navy said the men were working on an anchor chain when a line parted.

Their names were withheld pending notification of next of kin. An investigation into the accident is under way, the Navy said.



naval affairs

SEPTEMBER

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"A Navy Second to None, Manned by a Personnel Superior to All"
Published at Washington, D. C., for FLEET RESERVE ASSOCIATION in the interest of the UNITED STATES NAVY and for the personnel of the NAVY and MARINE CORPS, Active, Fleet Reserve and Retired.



Above, Right: Shipmates of Branch 87 present wheel chair to USNH, Oakland. Shipmates present during presentation are, from left, Harold H. Leonard, James G. McGuire, RADM H. P. Mahin, USN, Hospital CO, Lawrence G. Smith, President, and Wendell G. Wayburn, Chaplain. LCPL Don Kasper, USMC, is in foreground. (Official USN Photo)



Bob Jackson, job superintendent, Eldridge Johns, manager of Trans-Bay Engineers, and Ray Dones, of the General and Specialty Contractors' Association, at new Navy hospital housing.

New Idea in Military Housing Opens

A new idea in military family housing construction opened yesterday on a three-acre site in the hills overlooking Oakland Naval Hospital.

For \$647,300, the Navy got 36 two-story townhouse units built by Trans-Bay Engineers Inc., a group of Oakland minority contractors.

The usual procedure for developing Navy housing is for the Navy to develop the archi-

tectural and engineering plans, advertise for bids and award contracts.

But the Trans-Bay contract was awarded under what is called the "turn-key" concept, in which all work, including design, is provided by one contractor.

The new units consist of two or three bedrooms, efficient kitchens, breakfast nooks, separate dining areas and tiled baths.

They will be occupied by married enlisted men.

In ceremonies yesterday, keys to the units were passed from Eldridge Johns, representing Trans-Bay, to Rear Adm. H. J. Johnson, commanding the Naval Facilities Engineering Command's western division, to Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, hospital commander, to chief dental technician Leroy A. Kohn, representing the tenants.



Chief dental technician Leroy Kohn and wife, Fredricka, look over new housing area with their children, Teresa, 5, Julianne, 9, Mary, 7, and Christopher, 10.

S.F. Examiner ☆ Wed., Aug. 12, 1970

Fatal Accident On Carrier at Shipyard Here

One man was killed and two others were injured yesterday afternoon in an accident aboard the attack carrier Coral Sea, in drydock at the Hunters Point naval shipyard.

A 12th Naval District spokesman said the men were repairing the anchor chain when a line snapped shortly after 3 p.m.

He said the Navy was withholding the names of the men pending notification of next of kin and that an investigation into the cause of the accident was being launched immediately.

The spokesman said that one of the injured men suffered critical injuries and the other only minor injuries.

The venerable carrier arrived here on July 1, ending a nine-month Southeast Asia combat tour.

NAVY TIMES (Weekend)

AUGUST 19, 1970

Oakland Wave Winder Cited

OAKLAND, Calif. — Hospitalman Jacqueline "Windy" Winder walked off with top honors in the Navy Relief Fund Drive at the Naval Hospital and was named Miss Navy Relief 1970 by Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin (MC), USN hospital commanding officer.

Miss Winder competed for the title with four other Waves whose pictures were posted throughout the hospital where patients and staff could vote for their favorite by depositing cash contributions. Her \$152 total was more than twice the amount brought in by her nearest competitor.

Runners-up were Hospitalmen Maureen Berry, Beverly Spight, Terlela Washington, and Yeoman Sue Toma. Each brought in more than \$70 for the drive, which netted a total of \$4396, the largest amount ever contributed to Navy Relief by the hospital.

Windy's prizes included a blue and gold certificate, a letter of appreciation from her commanding officer and an evening for two at Trader Vic's Oakland restaurant.

She is a trainee in the hospital's Physical Therapy branch.

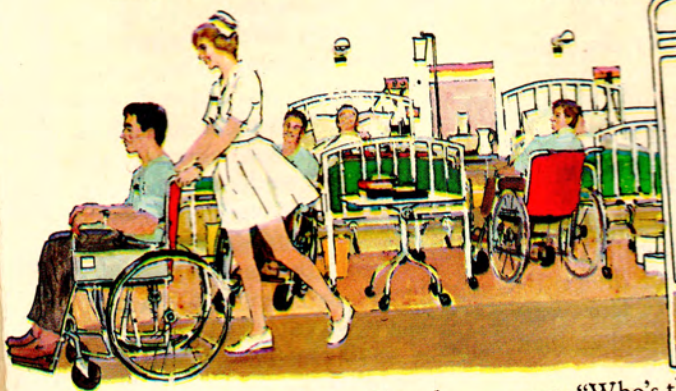
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A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

"Hey, Hero!"



A Navy nurse tells of
the triumphs and defeats,
the laughter and tears,
of four years spent working
with Vietnam amputees

BY SANDRA KIRKPATRICK
Lieutenant, U.S. Navy Nurse Corps

UNCERTAIN and shy, I stood in the doorway of building 76B at the Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland, Calif. I didn't know it that November morning in 1965, but this was the beginning of a remarkable experience.

Of the 40 patients in the long room before me, only five could have been more than 20 years old. Most were Marines; all were recent amputees from Vietnam, missing legs and arms, sometimes both. Here and there an eye was gone.

"Why them?" I wanted to weep. "They are so young. What do I say? What do I do?"

An amputee ward wasn't my idea of the perfect place to work. But I had no choice. Certainly my training at the University Hospital in Ann Arbor, Mich., hadn't prepared me either for amputees or for the wolf whistles and yells that greeted

me: "Who's the new nurse?" "She's just an ensign!" "Boy, is she tall!" "Hi, legs!"

The place was a madhouse. Radio and TV sets blared. Wheeled stretchers, pushed along by legless patients using canes like ski poles, and wheelchairs emblazoned with signs proclaiming "I've Got a Tiger in My Tank," rocketed along on collision

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courses. Lt. Pat McDonald, whom I was replacing, moved me down the wide aisle between the beds.

Here was Jim, only 17, his right arm and leg gone altogether, and with a plastic substitute for his missing left hand. As I was introduced, he pushed this toward me. I clasped it, buddy to buddy, and to my horror the hand just dangled there, pulled free by my firm grip. Everyone roared—except me. You'd have thought we were on "Laugh-In."

Later, I learned that Jim had been in a foxhole when a Vietcong grenade landed at his feet. It didn't explode, and for torturous hours he sat there, afraid to move. A concussion nearby finally set it off. Now he was laughing at my discomfort.

In the next bed, a boy from Iowa, missing one leg, cheerfully lifted his stump. With a Magic Marker he had sketched a leering face on the bandage. You're right, I was rattled.

After that raucous reception, I wanted to ask for a transfer on the spot. For some reason I didn't. Instead, I spent the next four years working with these and more than 200 other amputees from the war in Vietnam, first at Oakland and later at the U.S. Navy Hospital on Guam. What I learned from those brave young men I'll never be able to measure. But I know this: sharing their triumphs and defeats taught me humility, an acceptance of the cards as they are dealt, and a greater love of life itself. And one other thing: I learned that you can't amputate courage.

Danger—Sharks! Among themselves, the amputees laughed at their disabilities. To one another they were "wheelies." "Mate, you haven't got a leg to stand on" was a clinching argument. Everyone was "Hey, hero!" or "Here comes the three-and-a-half-foot Marine."

Terry, a Navy corpsman who had lost an arm above the elbow, liked to help out with medications, changing bandages and things like that. He was, of course, admired for his determination and independence. You would never have known it, though, from the razzing he took: "Man, I don't want any one-armed corpsman working on me."

Things were different where outsiders were involved. When one of the Marines was married at the hospital chapel, with eight ward buddies in attendance, a newspaper ran a picture of the wedding party with this caption: "Between them, only 4 legs and 12 arms." The ward was furious. "Why do they have to point out that we're different?"

Still, the morale of the amputees always awed me. They might have been shattered, but they were seldom sad. Most of the time, in fact, they were downright irrepressible.

Once, in Physical Therapy, a crusty Navy captain walked past the spot where Tom, a lanky Marine from Oregon who had lost a leg above the knee, was getting whirlpool treatment. Lifting his stump out of the water, Tom waved it at the four-striper, yelling, "Help! Help! There's a shark in here!"

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The admiral who commanded Oak Knoll—a great flower fancier—occasionally stopped to admire some roses in a vase on my desk. I often wonder what his reaction might have been if I'd told him the truth: that every night one of the boys sneaked out in his wheelchair, slipped into the admiral's garden, and snatched a few long-stemmed beauties for me. The first time this happened, I protested. "Aw, Miss K," the unabashed culprit insisted, "what can he do to us?"

Actually, the admiral might have approved. The brass can sometimes be pretty human, as Ken, a bilateral leg amputee I was taking care of on Guam, discovered one night. Ken was young and thin and looked more like a 14-year-old than a Marine veteran. On this particular night, the doctor on the ward gave him permission to go in his wheelchair to the Base Exchange for an hour. Wearing only his hospital bathrobe and pajamas, Ken somehow got past the gate guards and down the road to a swanky new motel. Jauntily he pushed his way into the cocktail lounge and ordered a beer.

"Let me buy," roared a gruff voice out of the dimness. Looking up, Ken almost fell out of his wheelchair. Three stars gleamed from the collar of a Marine Corps lieutenant general, out from Washington on an inspection trip. It wasn't long before the legless boy and the three-star veteran were real friends.

Road Race. During World War II and Korea, the average hospital stay

for amputees was 319 days. For Vietnam amputees it is only 89 days, and the rehabilitation rate—getting them back into everyday life and living—is twice what it was. Of the bilateral leg amputees, 90 percent walk out of the hospital on their own artificial legs, using only elbow canes for support—and almost all of them are working or going to school.

All amputees are encouraged to be as active as possible. They were very good at water polo in the hospital pool at Oakland, and during the winter months those with at least one leg were taken to the Sierra Nevada for skiing. One activity, however, used to scare me to death—their "Little Pike's Peak Road Race."

A steep, paved road stretched downward from 76B for about 400 yards, through lanes of eucalyptus and pine, before feeding into a busy boulevard. Nightly, the wheelchair amputees, sometimes as many as 20, would gather at the head of the hill and make bets as to who could reach the bottom first. Shouting and yelling, off they would go, four and five abreast. Halfway down they were speeding at 20 or 25 m.p.h. At the end, just before a blind turn leading into a lane of traffic, they would slow themselves down—by dragging a good leg if they had one, or by using their hands on the wheels.

Spills were common, and there were plenty of cuts and bruises. No one, however, ever hit a car, and there were never any serious injuries. Why, I'll never know. Foolish? Per-

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haps. Shouldn't they have been stopped? I never thought of it. To themselves, they were proving that they were still men. And that was strong medicine.

It wasn't all horseplay, of course. In the middle of the night, a time for thinking and brooding, I often became Mother Confessor. "Will I be accepted?" a lad would ask. Or: "I don't want to be the town hero." "Can I drive?" "How will I make a living?" Often there was bitterness: "They just don't care about us, do they, Miss K?"

In the wee hours, making my rounds by flashlight checking intravenous-fluid setups, fluffing a pillow here, pulling up the covers there, I suffered with them. Their faces, so young to have seen so much, showed their pain even as they slept. Tears rolled down my cheeks, and I would pray, "Oh, God, be good to them!"

Dear John. Rejection or indifference wounded most of all. Once, after a visit by his wife and father, I found Roger, a 19-year-old Marine corporal who had lost both legs and the sight in one eye, crying in bed. "She wants a divorce," he told me. "And all my Dad wanted to know was if the allotment check would keep coming."

There were those who did care, though. Gordon, a sailor, had lost both his legs when an arresting cable on his aircraft-carrier flight deck snapped and whipped across them. His wife, a pretty, cheerful girl, never cried or complained. She brought their four-year-old girl and

three-year-old boy to visit every week, and the children accepted it all. She had carefully explained to them that their father would have artificial legs. During the visits, he made a game of showing them how the new limbs worked. There was always a lot of laughing. How I admired that woman!

One thinks of Marines as being tough, and of teen-agers as being inconsiderate. Not my young amputees! If several were in pain at the same time, it was always, "Help Joe there first. He's hurtin' more than me." Or take what happened when Martin, who could get around in his wheelchair although he was missing both legs, was invited out by a relative who lived in nearby Livermore. Hesitant, afraid to appear in public, Martin decided he didn't want to go. The ward would have none of it. "Hell, Mac," they urged, "it won't hurt none." Or, "Look at it this way, you can get a drink."

Finally, Martin agreed to go. And talk about people helping people! "Miss K, I don't have any clean underwear," Martin pleaded. A grizzled old gunnery sergeant, himself the father of an 18-year-old boy, wheeled off to the Exchange to buy a set. There was shave lotion from one, a clean shirt from another. When, at the last minute, someone noticed that Martin's pants were unsupported, a half-dozen wheelchairs sped toward footlockers to fetch a belt.

There were no secrets in 76B. Word that someone had received a

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"HEY, HERO!"

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"Dear John" letter would spread in a flash, and soon everyone on the ward would be trying to cheer up the rejected patient: "Aw, hell, Jack, you should hear what my girl did to me."

Then there was the sad day I got a "Dear John" letter of my own. I was really down in the dumps, and I guess it showed. Inevitably, the story got around the ward. Next morning when I came to work, there were 43 letters on my desk—every one a pro-

posal of marriage or a love letter.

So, you see, it's not surprising that I look back on my four years of working with amputees as the most rewarding time of my life. How often, even now, the memory of their unfailing courage and good cheer keeps me going.

The amputees always thanked me for every small thing I did for them. Now I want to thank them—for all they did for me.



In Other Words

THE OLD jokes are rewritten to keep up with changing times. The other day we heard one about the manufacturer's representative and the agribusinessman's daughter.

—Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

THE Italian labor ministry has found a new way of referring to the unemployed. It calls them available manpower.

—UPI

WHO but a Washington economist would coin the phrase "negative saver" to describe a person who spends more than he makes?

—Time

AN up-to-date fellow we know refers to the rheumatism in his knees as trouble in his infrastructure.

—Bill Vaughan in *Kansas City Star*

A GIRL who works for a government bureau didn't coldly break her engagement—she just tactfully informed the young man that he had been de-selected.

—Shreveport, La., *Times*



Holding Action. In the Middle East there is a legend about a spindly little sparrow lying on its back in the middle of the road. A horseman comes by and dismounts, and asks the sparrow what on earth he is doing lying there upside down like that. "I heard the heavens are going to fall today," said the sparrow.

"Oh!" said the horseman. "And I suppose your puny little legs can hold up the heavens?"

"One does what one can," said the sparrow. "One does what one can."

—William A. Jenkins in *English Journal*

Operation Sleighride

LABOR DAY ISSUE
EAST BAY VETERANS NEWS

"D-Day" Post No. 6 started the world renown "Operation Sleighride" program in December, 1950, with the cooperation of the staff at the Oakland Naval Hospital.

Originally, the program was designed to bring parents of the most severely wounded veterans to be with them during the holiday season. First parent to arrive was the mother of a double amputee from New York State. The second was the mother of a double amputee from Puerto Rico. Then the parents of veterans from Florida, Georgia, Pennsylvania, Arkansas and Louisiana. DAV and AMVETS paid all expenses: airplane, train, hotel, motel, meals.

When the Korean conflict ended, "Sleighride" was set aside and the funds utilized for VA hospitals in the programs of VAVS, purchase of script books, bus fare and lodging for local California veterans.

Then, Vietnam ... and the same problem was faced by the wounded and hospitalized veterans and the DAV/AMVETS program. Patients needing a morale lift by having their parents visit them, the patients in need of funds ... so "Sleighride" was reactivated with the following requirements.

1. The patient's recuperation be dependent upon a morale lift by a visit from a loved one;
2. The patient be financially unable to provide for the transportation of his family;
3. The family be unable to provide transportation;
4. The medical staff to be responsible for selection of the patients.

With these requirements, DAV/AMVETS dug into their hospital/rehab reserves, called on the local community to assist and "Sleighride" was once again in full swing.

Response came from other veterans organizations, the Alameda Naval Air Station Naval Officers Wives Club and the Golden Gate Fields Foundation. The president of a local airline added a contribution and has since made a personal project of aiding "Sleighride."

The families began arriving: the mother of a completely paralyzed veteran from Texas; the wife of a severely wounded Marine from Washington; a family from Utah - mother, father, sister and brother - to visit the former all-star athlete now paralyzed and unable to speak. Families from North Carolina, Oklahoma, Idaho and California arrived during the holiday season. Then, after the holidays, "Sleighride" was temporarily halted.

Rear Adm. Edward P. Irons, then commanding officer of Oakland Naval Hospital, called a meeting with the DAV and AMVET organizations. Realizing the program's importance, he had this request: Would it be possible to put "Sleighride" on a 12-month basis?

The answer, given without hesitation, was YES! And so "Operation Sleighride" became a year-round activity and the families have been arriving ever since.

"Operation Sleighride" has been working on a budget of between \$5000 and \$8000 a year. The program could be expanded but, because of lack of funds, the present level is all that can be maintained.

DAV and AMVETS need your help.

\$1 to \$10 donated by individuals or organizations seeing this story can make a major contribution to "Operation Sleighride." Just use the coupon on this page - forward it to "Operation Sleighride" with as generous a donation as possible. Thank you!

Sleighride

Needs Help



Adm. John Q. Owsley Dies at 70

Rear Admiral John Q. Owsley, Medical Corps, USN (ret.), who served several tours in the Bay Area, died Saturday night in La Jolla at the age of 70, officials at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital in Oakland learned yesterday.

Admiral Owsley was commanding officer at Oak Knoll for three years to July of 1958, when he came to San Francisco as inspector of Pacific Coast medical activities and medical officer of 12th Naval District and to the commanding officer, Western Sea Frontier. He retired in 1959 and moved to La Jolla.

Admiral Owsley, a native of Tennessee and graduate of Vanderbilt University Medical School at Nashville, had served in the Navy for 35 years. He was an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist (ophthalmology, or diseases of the eye, is now a separate specialty).

Before coming to Oakland he served in Washington as assistant chief of the Navy Bureau of Medicine and surgery for professional and personnel operations, and as chief of planning for the Joint Action Program of the secretary of the Defense Armed Forces Medical Policy Council.

He was a member of the American College of Surgeons and the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, and a diplomate of the American Board of Otolaryngology.

During World War II he served as medical officer on the carrier Enterprise, seeing action in major campaigns in the South Pacific. He later served as executive officer at various naval hospitals, including those at Mare Island and San Diego.

Survivors include his wife, Christine of La Jolla, and a son, Dr. John Q. Owsley Jr. of San Francisco.

A memorial service will be held at 11 a.m. today (Tuesday) at St. James by the Sea Episcopal Church in La Jolla. The family suggested donations to Scripps Clinic Research Foundation in La Jolla.

Rear Adm. John Q. Owsley

Memorial services for retired Rear Adm. John Q. Owsley, onetime commanding officer of Oakland's Oak Knoll naval hospital and later 12th Naval District medical officer, were held today in La Jolla.

Dr. Owsley, well known in the Bay Area, died last Saturday night at the age of 70 in La Jolla, where he had lived since retirement in San Francisco May 1, 1959.

He was commanding officer of Oak Knoll from March 28, 1955 to July 1, 1958, then was both inspector of Pacific Coast medical activities and medical officer for the 12th Naval District until he retired.

He came to the Bay Area from Washington, D.C. During World War II he was senior medical officer on the aircraft carrier Enterprise and was with that ship in major Pacific campaigns.

Dr. Owsley, an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, is survived by his wife, Christine, and a son, Dr. John Q. Owsley, Jr., who lives in Sausalito and practices in San Francisco.

The family requests in lieu of flowers that contributions be made to the Scripps Clinic Research Foundation in La Jolla.

Tues., Oct. 13, 1970 ☆ S.F. Examiner—Page 45

Oakland Tribune Tues., Oct. 13, 1970

Adm. Owsley Retired Navy Doctor, Dies

Memorial services were to be held for Rear Adm. John Q. Owsley, retired navy physician, who commanded the Oakland Naval Hospital from 1955 to 1958.

The services were to be at St. James By the Sea Episcopal Church in La Jolla, where Dr. Owsley made his home following retirement in 1959.

He was commissioned in the Navy in 1924 after receiving his M.D. at Vanderbilt University Medical School in Nashville, Tenn.

Survivors include his wife, Christine, and a son, Dr. John Q. Owsley of San Francisco. Memorial contributions may be made to Scripps Clinic Research Foundation at La Jolla.

OAKLAND TRIBUNE, OAKLAND, CALIF., TUES., DEC. 7, 1971

soon after should be ashamed of themselves. If they can't act like real "fans," and show some loyalty towards their team, they should cease going to the games and I for one would be very happy about that!

DARLYS F. SCHULTZ,
Oakland.

FOLEY,
Oakland.

Poor Site Choice

EDITOR: Why does the Peralta Community College District insist upon spending taxpayers' money unnecessarily? Recently at the Berkeley City Council a Peralta trustee proposed that 35 acres of the marina be purchased for the construction of a college.

The idea seems fine, but less than two weeks ago an independent financial consultant, hired by the district, reported that Peralta's finances are in a disastrous condition. Moreover, the cost of the

Tribune Editorial Page

HOME OWNED, CONTROLLED, EDITED

MONDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1970

Adm. John Owsley

The Oakland Naval Hospital has for many years played an important role in linking the military and civilian communities of the Eastbay, and there is much to commend in the community interest displayed by the commanding officers of the hospital.

Among the more noteworthy of these officers was Rear Admiral John Q. Owsley, who served as hospital commander from 1955 to 1958.

He was the first flag officer to arrive at the hospital as commanding officer, and in his period of command even more solid bonds were welded between the community and the medical facility.

Admiral Owsley retired shortly after leaving the Oakland post, and news of his death last week recalled to many local citizens his keen community interest. His was a distinguished career in which military and medical professionalism were faultlessly united, and his example of leadership should long endure.

5C★★ Oakland Tribune Sun., Oct. 25, 1970



Big Man at Barbecue

Oakland Raiders center Jim Otto serves lunch to Robert Wityczak of Los Angeles and Ron Morince of San Luis Obispo Saturday at the fourth Annual barbecue at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital. Otto was only one of a number of notables and civic leaders on hand to honor and entertain the am-

utee veterans. Oakland Mayor John Reading was one of the chefs at the event. The menu included 800 pounds of venison from 19 deer shot by the veterans themselves during a recent hunting trip to Humboldt County.

Wed., Oct. 28, 1970

Herb Caen
San Francisco Chronicle

THE NAME selected for the fancy restaurant to be installed on the 32nd floor of Hotel St. Francis' new tower; it'll be Victor's, in honor of the late Victor Hirtzler, the hotel's first chef when it opened in 1904 (when the Mark opened in '26, he moved up there) . . . Atty. Lois Prentice's new warm friend: Dr. Dick Walk, psychiatric director of San Joaquin Hosp. in Stockton; Walk Glacier at the South Pole was named in his honor after he led an expedition there . . . The on-again off-again marriage plans of Joselito Cebrian and Gretchen Kirsch, off-again at the moment . . . A City Planning Dept. survey that begins "The slogan that San Francisco is in danger of being 'Manhattanized' is a myth." That growing forest of skyscrapers is nothing more than a mirage, and a mirage is where ghosts park their cars.

★ ★ ★

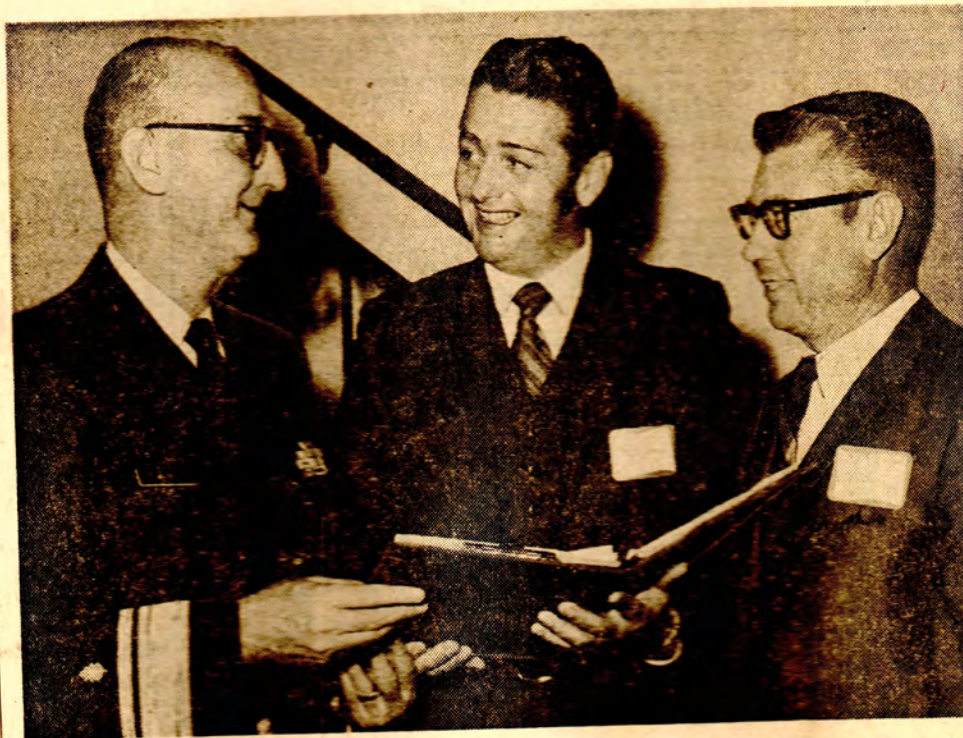
Oakland Tribune Fri., Nov. 20, 1970

Bill Fiset

... Man Alive ...

All the world's a stage: Out at Oakland Naval Hospital they held a masked ball in the Officers' Club and Dr. John McCarthy and his VERY pregnant wife went as the "Devil and the Pregnant Angel." They won a prize, naturally, because any couple that would use that much foresight for a costume effect deserves one. But before the prize could be awarded Mrs. McCarthy got the call and was rushed to the hospital's maternity ward. She had a baby boy, but that's not nearly as interesting, the nurses said, as seeing the expectant father pacing the halls in horns and a tail . . . Another masked ball with full costumes was held at the Elks Club in Fremont, where a hulking 240-pounder won an expense-paid trip to Milpitas, first prize, by dressing as the "Sugar plum fairy." Another guest, dressed as a pumpkin, was a bit miffed and muttered to the Sugar Plum Fairy that he should go to Alpine County. The Sugar Plum Fairy: "You may be the first pumpkin in the world to have a bloody nose."

Oakland Tribune
Tue 10 Nov '70



Christmas Concern

Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, commander of Oakland Naval Hospital, chats with Larry Rodrigggs, president of the Veterans Hospital Christmas Committee, and Jess E. Burrow, right, director of the Veterans Administration hospital in Livermore, before a dinner last night honoring members of Rodrigggs' committee.

Marine, Hurt by Mine, Awaits Vets' Yule Party

Marine Lance Cpl. Augustine R. Guillen was on patrol last Sept. 26 in South Vietnam when the ground erupted beneath him. A booby trap had been detonated, apparently by remote control, and he suffered severe wounds to his legs and hands.

His right foot was amputated in Da Nang and doctors were divided over whether to amputate the left. They finally decided to try to save it, and a short time later he was transferred to Oakland Naval Hospital, where he's waiting for an ulcer on his left heel to mend.

After that, he's looking forward to walking again with the aid of an artificial right foot. He's had skin grafts on his left leg, and is hopeful no more will be needed. He also has shrapnel wounds on both hands.

Guillen will still be at the hospital during Christmas, staff members say, and will



AUGUSTINE R. GUILLEN
Cheer for patient

be one of the beneficiaries of efforts by the Veterans Hospitals' Christmas Committee to

make the holidays something special for the patients.

Volunteers will decorate the Naval hospital and the Veterans Administration Hospital in Livermore and provide gifts and entertainment on Christmas Day.

Guillen, a slender, soft-spoken 21-year-old, will also have his wife, Linda, here for Christmas. She's a first-year student at San Bernardino Valley College and has been able to visit him for a few days about every other week since he was admitted on Oct. 17.

She'll be here for a week at Christmas, says her husband, and two married sisters may also be coming.

Guillen is anxious to start walking again and then to go to a trade school.

"I'd like to monkey around with radios and televisions,"

he said. And he's also looking forward to starting a family.

"I feel real good," he says. "It could have been worse. I'm just happy to be home."

Guillen a native of San Bernardino, was a machine-gunner with E Company, Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division, Fleet Marine Force. He was awarded the Bronze Star for his performance during nearly five months in Vietnam.

The Christmas committee is raising funds to help pay for the gifts, decorations and entertainment for the patients at Oakland Naval Hospital and the Livermore VA hospital.

Goal is \$21,500. Contributions from individuals and organizations follow:

will be put above the main building's front entrance, helping make the Yuletide atmosphere immediately apparent to visitors.

John Gable, coordinator for the hospital's Christmas activities, said each patient will have a small simulated Christmas tree on his nightstand, complete with artificial snow and decorations. Six-foot and 12-foot-high trees will be put in many recreation rooms and lobbies.

Right now, the decorations are in storage, but 60 volunteers and 12 supervisors will set them up inside the hospital on Dec. 12. Exterior decorations, including lighting and Santa Claus tableau above the front entrance, probably will be put up sometime that week, Gable said.

On Christmas Day, four Santas will walk through the hospital distributing gifts, and accordionists will entertain the patients.

The Veterans Hospitals' Christmas Committee is raising money to help pay for the gifts, decorations and activi-

ties and organizations follow:

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Contributions from individuals and organizations follow:

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Contributions from individuals or groups follow.

Artia Press,	\$5
Elsie Rockenfield,	\$2

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Valora U. Hughes, Vallejo	10.00
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Previously acknowledged	11,255.57
Total to date	\$12,480.57

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Valora U. Hughes, Vallejo	10.00
Total	1,225.00
Previously acknowledged	11,255.57
Total to date	\$12,480.57

Those Who Gave

Veterans Hospitals Christmas Committee,
4444 East 14th St.,
Oakland, California, 94601

This is my way of saying "Merry Christmas" to the wounded and ill men and women in Alameda County's two military and veterans hospitals.

Here is my gift of \$ to help you reach your goal of \$21,500 for gifts, entertainment and Christmas decorations for these men and women.

NAME

ADDRESS

This coupon may be mailed or presented in person with contributions to the committee office.



Naval Station
Treasure Island

THE MASTHEAD

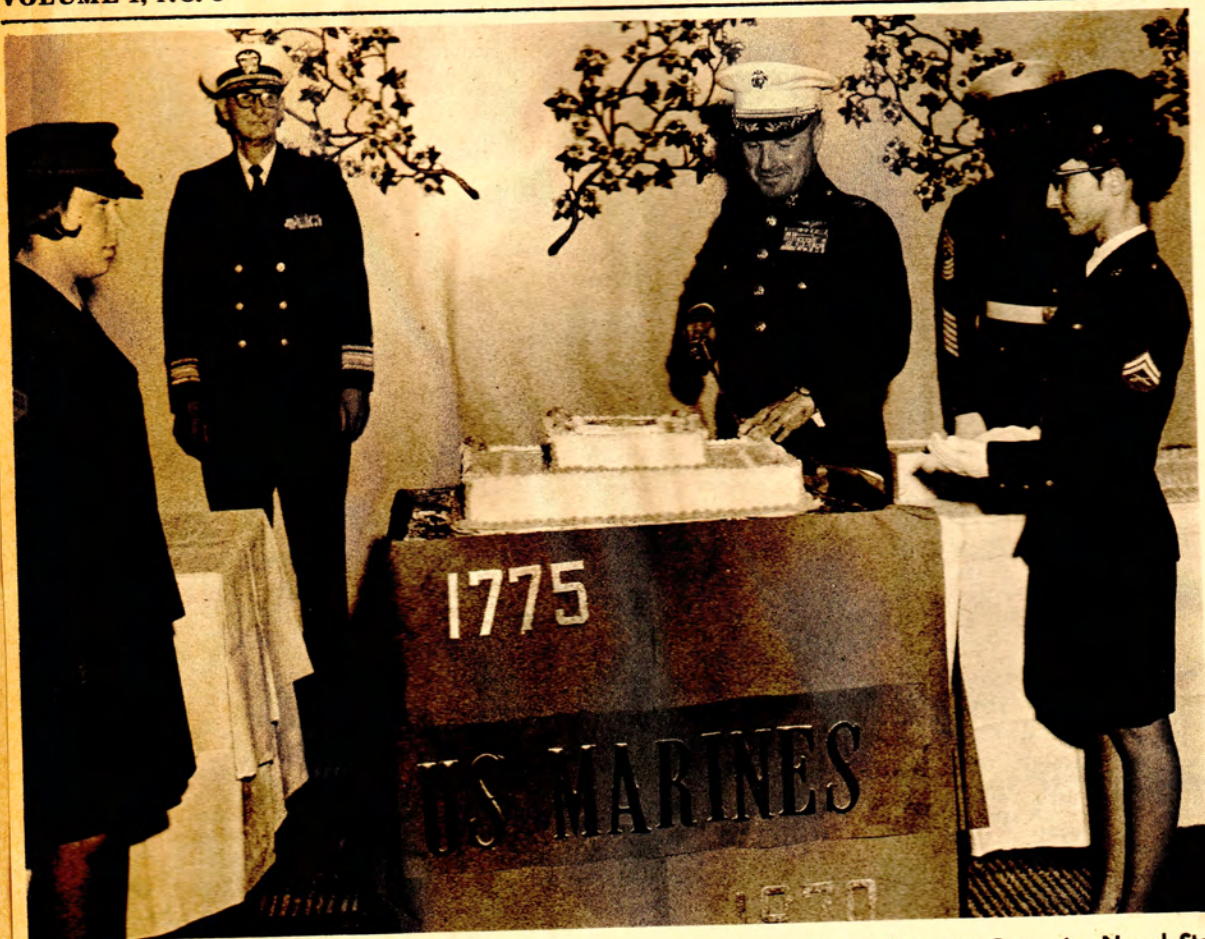
'The Gateway
To The Pacific'



VOLUME 1, NO. 6

NAVAL STATION, TREASURE ISLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DECEMBER 16, 1970



MARINES CELEBRATE 195TH BIRTHDAY —The commanding officer of Marine Barracks, Naval Station, Treasure Island, Col. R. J. Lynch Jr., ceremoniously sword-slices the "Marines' Birthday cake" during this Nov. 10 observance of the Marine Corps' 195th anniversary at the U.S. Naval Hospital Oakland. Participating here from left, are: Cpl. R.L. Maxson, Hospital Jaunal and Cpl. L.H. Capes. Treasure Island Marines participated in several events during the day's celebration. These included starting the day with a full dress blue color guard ceremony with the newly formed drum and bugle team (bottom photo) which later serenaded noon diners at the Naval Station galley. T.I. Marines also conducted "birthday balls" at the Admiral Nimitz, CPO and Enlisted Clubs. A memorial service was held at the chapel.

Oakland and Tribune **Sports**

GEORGE ROSS, Sports Editor

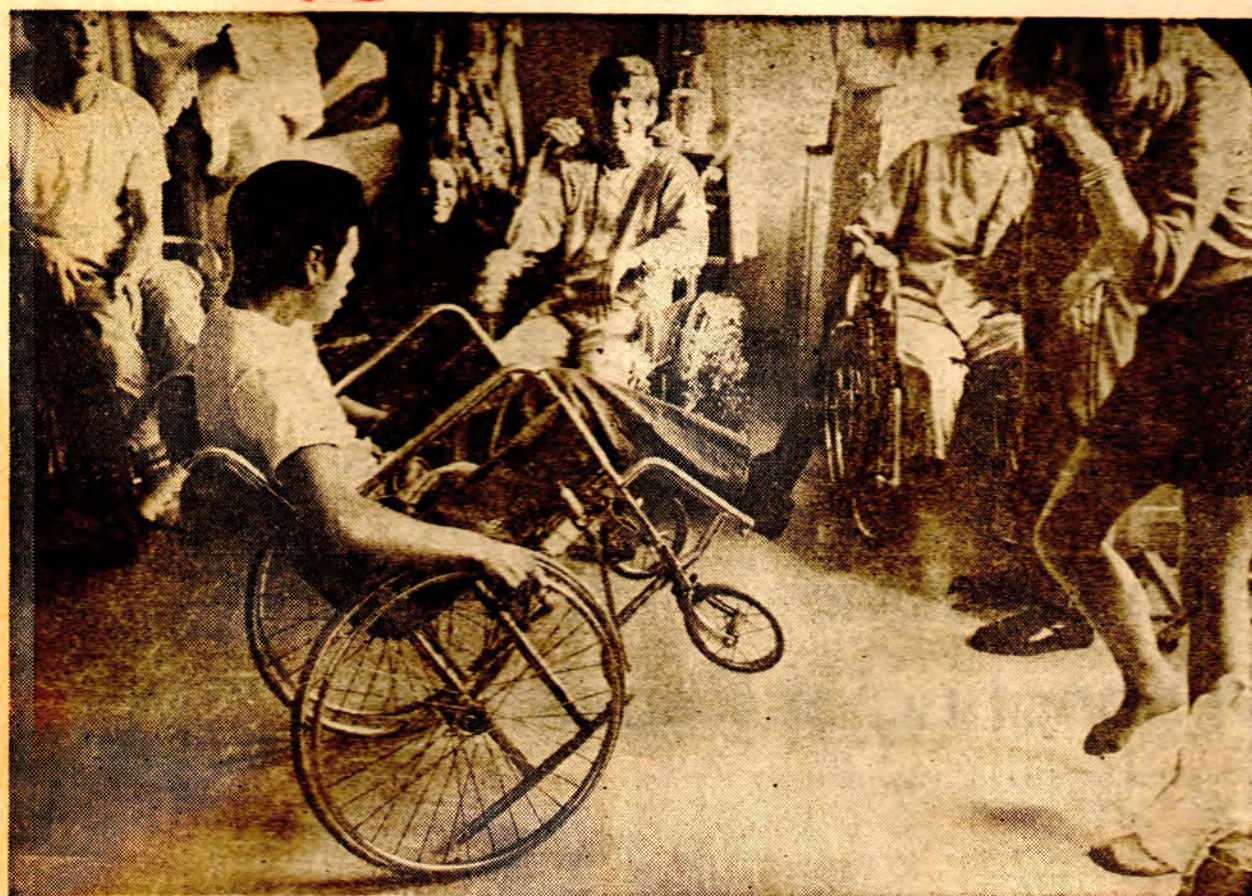
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1970 E 41



JIM OTTO AND TOM KEATING OF RAIDERS HELP PASS OUT CHRISTMAS GIFTS AT OAK KNOLL NAVAL HOSPITAL
Otto hands Christmas card to Marine Tim Stanton, while Keating signs the cast of another Marine patient, Roger Binz

Tribune photos by Ron Riesterer

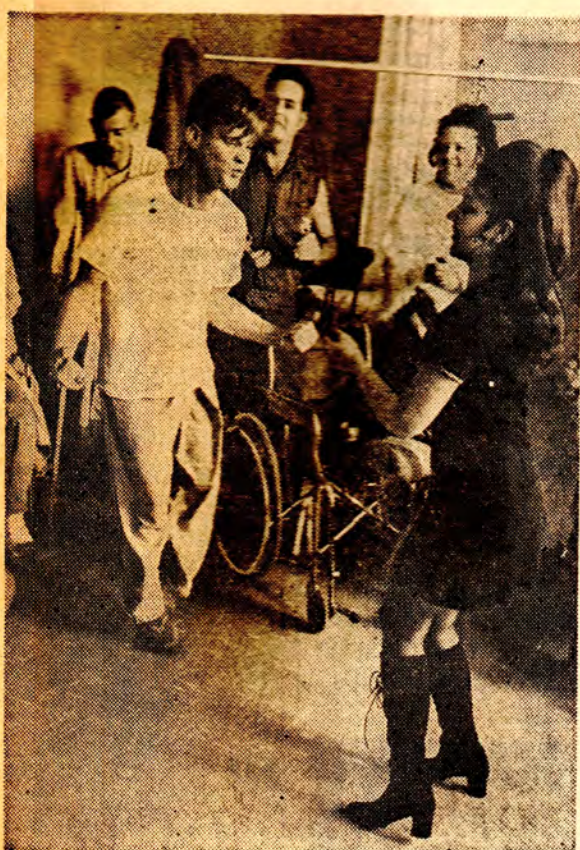
Cheery Invasion at Navy Hospital



Christmas Gifts, Swinging Music

Men at Oakland Naval Hospital had a ball when they were greeted this week by mini-skirted beauties and officers from the San Leandro office of the California Highway Patrol. The visitors distributed gifts—paid for by not sending Christmas cards to each other — then shared the musical fun, as seen at right on bottom row. Sherrie Dargan is swinging at bottom left. Joining the dance on wheels, top left, is Greg Najera; below him at center left is Al Buchanan with Sherrie. Next to them is girl who called herself Space Lady dances with Navy Chief Dick Baldwin. Carolyn Rogero and CHP Officer Nick Douglas share the fun at right center.

Tribune photos by Ron Riaslerer



Berkeley Daily Gazette

10—Wed., Sept. 9, 1970 Berkeley DAILY GAZETTE



Volunteers honored at Oak Knoll Hospital for their many hours of service through the Red Cross teenage volunteer program included these local young

people, from left, Florence Inserto, Janice Lopez, Monica Frelow, Barbie Piaz, and Edward Ericksen.

Tea Honors Red Cross Volunteers

"Congratulations, Red Cross Volunteers, on a job well done," read the large sign above the refreshments table at the Naval Hospital's Appreciation Tea given to honor teenage volunteers from four Bay Area chapters. Eleven were from the Berkeley-Albany Red Cross.

Florence Inserto, chairman of the Berkeley Volunteer unit, topped the list of 65 Red Cross volunteers in the number of hours served this summer with a total of 121.

In all, Volunteers contributed 3500 hours to the Naval hospital, doing personal services for patients in the wards, assisting in clerical work in the clinics and pharmacy, and helping in the recreational therapy program.

Guests were welcomed by Helen Strehlis, acting Red Cross Field Director, and Mrs. Gay Curry, in charge of volunteers performing personal services.

Rear Admiral H. P. Mahin, commanding officer, expressed the Hospital's appreciation for the services of Red Cross volunteers.

Oakland Tribune Fri., Sept. 11, 1970



Heroic Surgeon

Oakland Naval Hospital commander Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin (left) congratulates Cmdr. Claude C. Atkins after presenting him with the Navy and Marine Corps Medal for heroism. The Navy Medical Corps surgeon, 4722 Stacy St., Oakland, was awarded the medal for removing a live hand grenade from the thigh of a Republic of Korea Marine in an operation at the Navy hospital in Da Nang, South Vietnam, last March.

TEEN Age!

Oakland Tribune Sat., Sept. 12, 1970 14-E



Linda Bookout, daughter of Coast Guard Warrant Officer and Mrs. Joseph J. Bookout of Union City, was named Junior Army-Navy Guild Organization (JANGO) volunteer of the year for her contribution of 1000 hours of hospital service at Oakland Naval Hospital this year. Roseann Hayden, daughter of Marine Col. and Mrs. Newport E. Hayden of Piedmont, received the annual Rose Award, presented to volunteer judged most ideal.

Amputees Embark on Fishing Trip



The 21 patients and escorts pose before boarding their C-131 for Del Norte.

By JOSH Robin Hart

Eighteen patients from the Amputee Wards at Oakland Naval Hospital boarded VR-30's C-131, 141012 and flew to Del Norte in Crescent City, Ca. for the annual Veterans Salmon Fishing Trip in the Klamath River.

This annual event, sponsored by the Crescent City Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions and Jaycees is a highlight for those Vietnam veterans.

Friday, Sept. 18, 1970, these 18 patients, accompanied by two men from Special Services at Oak Knoll and one doctor, arrived at Alameda in the early afternoon anxiously awaiting their 1:30 p.m. flight.

Accompanying the patients were Ltjg. R.L. Russ-nogla and QMC (SS) R. Baldwin of Special Services, and Ltjg. M. Lachowicz, MC, USN. These people work directly with Dr. Westley Paradise, coordinator from Crescent City. Crescent City supplies all the gear needed once they arrive to go fishing.

The C-131, piloted by Ltjg. Gray and co-piloted by Ltjg. Wallace, took off at 1:30 p.m. for its three and one half hour flight to Del Norte. Crewmen aboard were AN Williams; flight medic, ADR3 Allen and trainee, Ltjg. Mooney.

The boys in wheel chairs were put aboard a special lift and raised to the cargo en-

trance of the C-131. All involved were smiling and having a wonderful time, while those who could walk had to take to the stairs, missing out on a free ride. Suitcases, seabags and equipment were loaded aboard within minutes and 18 anxious patients readied for take-off.

On their three-day agenda included a tour of the Undersea Gardens on Friday; Fishing and a picnic at Redwood Park Saturday and a Redwood tour on Sunday before their return to NAS Alameda, via VR-30 once again.

Give CFC



Oakland Tribune

Reno Reunion for Amputees Injured in Pacific Campaign

Two Bay Area veterans of World War II are attempting to organize a reunion of the approximately 3,000 men who were treated at the Mare Island Naval Hospital's Artificial Limb Shop between Pearl Harbor and 1950.

W.M. Todd, of 17006 Meekland Ave., Hayward, and Sid Sanders, of 265 Watson Lane, Vallejo, are co-chairmen of the event, which will be held in Reno on Oct. 2 and 3.

Their efforts are centered on reaching the men who underwent amputations as a result of Pacific campaigns on Guadalcanal, Tarawa, Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Saipan and elsewhere and were fitted with prosthetic limbs.

The Mare Island facility was established in 1943 by the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery as the first of its kind, designed to treat amputees and conduct research on prosthetic devices.

"It was at Mare Island," said Todd, a double amputee, "that the first comprehensive amputee rehabilitation program was conceived and put into practice, representing a substantial breakthrough in the method of treating amputees."

Todd said three of the facility's former medical-officers-in-charge have assured him they will attend the reunion. They are Douglas D. Toffelmier, Henry H. Kessler, and Thomas J. Canty, all now retired Navy captains.

"It is an exclusive club," Todd said of the group he is trying to reach, "but no one has ever clamored for mem-

bership in it. Those who belong might consider themselves somewhat of a rare breed — pioneers, in a sense."

He said a bond has developed among the patients and remained through the years, and that "without even trying, we have received iron-clad as-

urance of a big turnout for the party."

Todd urged that members of the "club" who wish to attend the reunion get in touch with him or Sanders for reservations soon, because room space in Reno is limited on weekends.



Planning a Good Time

Wounded veterans from Oakland Naval Hospital will be honored again this Veterans Day with a special celebration, and planning it are (from left) Rear Adm. H. P. Mahin, commander of the naval hospital; Lance Corp. L. S. Samora, 20, of Salt Lake City who was wounded in Vietnam; Jerry Williams of the Veterans Day Commission who is general chairman of the celebration; Corp. Robert Wityczak, 19, of La Puente, who was wounded in Vietnam, and Mrs. Jerry Williams, trustee of 14th District.

Damp, Cheerful Crowds at Hayward

A Glistening Vets' Parade

By Peter Stack

Military parades are taken very seriously in Hayward, and yesterday's zestful Veterans' Day pageant filed nicely through the town, then tucked in its rear guard to run from the rain.

The long procession of 3800 persons, marching to an as-

sortment of booming cadences, was greeted with a mood quite different from Sunday's Veterans' Day march through downtown San Francisco.

CROWDS

The Hayward spectacle drew larger crowds, for one thing, and the applause was

a touch mightier when the squared-up military men stepped by.

And many more people waved little flags they had brought along, or bought, for the occasion.

The girls flirted more with the soldiers and sailors and marines; and a kind of pre-

dictable hubbub occurred when a group of "veterans for Peace" ambled by, carrying Old Glory upside down.

More weapons on the 3.2 mile route commanded respectable oohs and ahs and clapping. The Hayward parade brought out an abundance of toted rifles, jeep-mounted machine guns and even some big, businesslike cannons.

In front of the roofed-over reviewing stand, where the different units engaged in competitive shows, several drill teams set off volleys of blanks from their polished rifles.

21-year-old veteran of Vietnam, Gary Jones. He was in a wheelchair, because he had lost his lower right leg in the war.

"Get it on!" he shouted as a team of pom pon girls high-stepped in front of him.

"This is just fine, really fine," he said of the parade.



Parade-watcher Gary Jones shouted "Get it on!" to marchers



Helpers, Patients Rewarded

Angus MacIver, in his 25th year as a Santa Claus at Oakland Naval Hospital, gets ready to give gifts to his volunteer helpers, Mrs. Robert Wildman (from left), Kim Wildman and Anne Wright. At right, sailor Joe Mecler shows how happy the military patients were for this touch of Christmas cheer.

Vet's Yule Fund Passes \$25,000

A rush of late arrivals has pushed the Veterans Hospitals Christmas Committee donations far over the \$21,050 goal sought to give Bay Area veterans a merrier holiday season.

A \$10 gift from Theodore H. Shindlers of Seminole, Fla., came a longer distance than most. Donations aid servicemen at Veterans Administration hospitals at Livermore and Martinez and the Oakland Naval Hospital.

A touching gift was the sum of \$6.40 from Room 17, Fifth Grade, Grover Cleveland Elementary School, San Leandro.

The new total is \$25,667.28, which was used to provide Christmas decorations, gifts and entertainment at the hospitals.

Previously unacknowledged contributions are:

OAKLAND	
Arroyo-Viejo Senior Citizens	\$10.00
Anon.	5.00
Mrs. W.	2.00
Elly M. Gottlieb	2.00
Charles H. Woessner	5.00
Henry D. Kaiser	5.00
Leta Born	2.00
Anon.	1.00
Myfanwy Lewis	5.00
Miss E. Gallagher	1.00
In memory of William R. Whitford	
Cpl. U.S.M.C.R.	3.00
Vincent F. Cantele, Jr.	1.00
Grand Lake Kiwanis Club	25.00
Alice C. Potter	7.50
Carpet and Linoleum Layers	
No. 1290	50.00
Martha C. Olanie	5.00
Mrs. I. W. Neff	5.00

Mrs. E. F. Figley	3.00	In memory of my brother, Thomas J. Morris	5.00
Mrs. W. E. Blair	2.00	Mrs. Ray M. Paralta	5.00
In memory of Raymond	2.50	James R. Devine	2.00
Saturday Evening Fireside Club	5.00	Clay E. Nottingham	2.00
Service Employees' International Union, Local 18	25.00	Hiroji Aochi	15.00
Mrs. H. F. Mills	10.00	ALAMEDA	
A. and T. Ward	5.00	N. Gutonski	5.00
In memory of Art C. Marlin	5.00	Mrs. O. M. Simmons	2.00
Malvine Houston	5.00	BERKELEY	
North American Benefit Association	5.00	Berkeley Review No. 75	1.00
Anon.	1.00	Barnett Wilders	25.00
Robert H. Knobles	5.00	Beatrice Manning	2.00
Fremont Wives	50.00	Joseph and Stanley Bernado Post	10.00
No. 8293, V.F.W.	10.00	HAYWARD	
Neighbors of Woodcraft, Palma Circle III	5.00	Mrs. Edwin W. Hanson	1.00
Eden Garden Club	5.00	Hayward Navy Mothers Club	25.00
No. 813	25.00	PIEDMONT	
Ann Adams	20.00	Anon.	16.50
RICHMOND		Tillie Chavez	3.00
King Holley	3.00	San Pablo Ladies Auxiliary No. 6421	20.00
V.F.W.	20.00	SAN FRANCISCO	
Kenneth Kielman	15.00	Richard M. Shea	3.00
SAN LEANDRO		In memory of McEnzie Cochrell	25.00
Ashlock Co., Division of Vistan Corp.	5.00	Mr. and Mrs. Dale McDermith	2.00
St. Peters Lutheran Ladies Aid	10.00	Mrs. Marie Rogers	2.00
Room 17, Fifth Grade, Grover Cleveland School	6.40	Underground Construction Co., Inc.	25.00
Mr. and Mrs. John Leonardini	10.00	Mr. and Mrs. Alfredo F. Marquez	5.00
Unistruct, Northern California	10.00	Bud Long	5.00
WALNUT CREEK		Hilda Askenbach	5.00
Las Amigas Parlor No. 311, N.D.G.W.	10.00	Harold Ruud	5.00
OTHER CITIES		Mr. and Mrs. Marvin W. Blake, Atascadero	2.00
John D. McKee, Benicia	20.00	Chico Unit No. 17	10.00
American Legion Auxiliary, Chico	10.00	Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Dieder	20.00
Concord	1.00	L. Myers, El Sobrante	1.00
In memory of Anton C. Pieper, Martinez	3.00	Dorothy Holmes, San Lorenzo	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fike	2.00	San Pablo	10.00
The Theodore H. Shindlers, Seminole, Florida	3.00	Anon, Vacaville	5.00
In memory of our beloved nephew, Irwin Anderson, by zmartha Badgley, Livermore	5.00	Total	\$642.90
Previously acknowledged	24,972.78	Total to date	\$25,667.28



Fri., Dec. 25, 1970

Oakland  Tribune

OLD TIMER

Rites for Banjoist Morgan Set

Services for **Freddy Morgan**, 60, the original "Mr. Banjo" of the tune he wrote himself may years ago, will be held in Victorville Sunday.

The veteran comedian and musician, who played for more than a decade with the Spike Jones band, died of a heart attack Monday at Oakland Naval Hospital while performing for the patients there.

He was appearing here at the invitation of the Veterans Hospital Christmas Committee.

He was a close friend of the late **Eddie Peabody**, one of the best known banjo players of all time, and was one of the last banjo performers to play in that style.

Mr. Morgan, a native New Yorker, had been appearing professionally since he was nine years old and had played in such well known theaters as the London Palladium, the Alhambra in Paris and Berlin's Winter Garden.

He was also a composer and wrote the theme song for the film "Sayonara." He played with the Spike Jones band from 1947-58 and was at Harolds Club in Reno for several years, according to Who's Who in Variety.

He is survived by his widow Carolyn, of the family home in Hesperia; two daughters, Penny, at home, and Mrs. Ann Anassri of Manhattan Beach; a son, Harry, also at home; a brother, David Morgenstern of Cleveland, and a sister, Belle Lewis, of Miami Beach, Fla.

Services will be at the Kern Memorial Chapel in Victorville at 10:30 a.m. Sunday with burial in Mt. Sinai Memorial Park in Los Angeles.

OAKLAND POST

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TRAIN

PLACE

RECORD

CLASSI Vol. 7 Number 38, Thursday, January 14, 1971

CALIFORNIA'S INFORMED CENTER CITY NEW

2973 Sacramento St., Berkeley, California 94702

Are

22946 VO ONVIRVO
6750 MOUNTAIN BLV
NAVAL HOSPITAL
OFFICER
CIVILIAN PERSONNEL



AT FISHIN' HOLE - Wounded Vietnam vets from Oak Knoll Hospital were recent guests of Oakland Parks and Recreation Department at Leona Trout Ponds. Intent on hooking a big one is Gerry Jones of Oakland, while Delores Muccular of Richmond -- there to help with wheelchair -- pulls up pole in anticipation of tasty trout. Thirteen vets had fun of angling for finny prizes, then enjoying their fish at luncheon.

Cupid Computes

It wasn't exactly what you'd call computer dating — but a computer brought them together in a romance that blossomed into wedding plans.

Marine Sgt. A. J. (Jud) Brown Jr., lost his left arm in a Communist ambush near Da Nang, South Vietnam, last Oct. 10. He arrived at Oakland Naval Hospital Oct. 22 and a new life was soon to open for him.

With his good right arm, he was having trouble cutting the meat on his luncheon plate one day. Leslie Ann Warner, a young and pretty computer instructor, offered to help.

That was the beginning of a romance for the young marine from Baton Rouge, La., and the pretty girl from South Bend, Ind. They plan to be married Sunday, Valentine's Day, at Temple Emanuel in San Jose.

Sgt. Brown, who has been studying computers with Miss Warner's help under a transitional program sponsored by the military, would like to enter college after his release from the hospital and study art.

For Sunday's wedding their best man will be Marine Lance Corporal Reuben (Sugar Bear) Johnson, a double amputee who Brown met in the hospital.

Brown, who has been awarded the Bronze Star and Purple Heart, said his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Brown of Baton Rouge, will be here for the nuptials.

Miss Warner's parents, Mr.



SGT. A. J. BROWN AND LESLIE ANN WARNER
Romance began with his struggle for a new life

and Mrs. Seymour Warner of South Bend, will be on hand along with a sister, Cynthia Warner of South Bend, serving as maid of honor; her grandmother Mrs. Samuel Lando of Miami, Fla.; a great-uncle and aunt from Los Angeles, and friends from Michigan and Los Angeles. Ring bearer will be 3-year-old Pamela Warner of Los Gatos, a cousin.

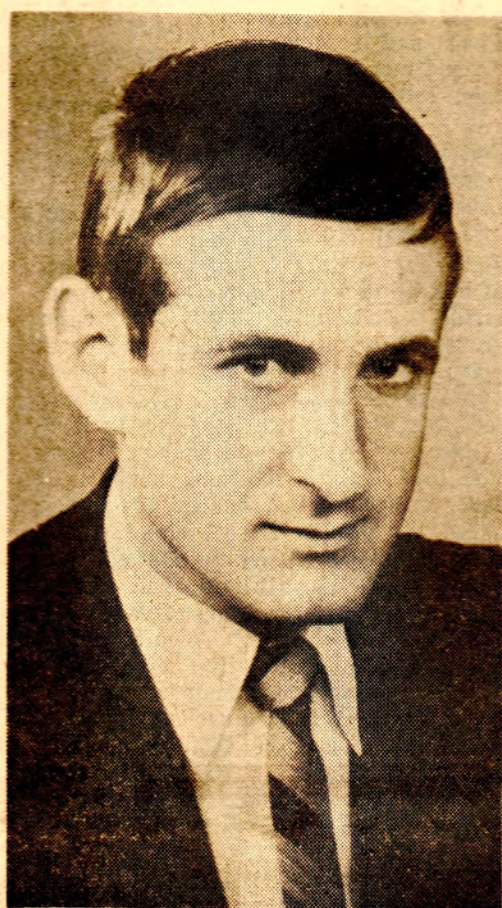
The couple will honeymoon at Lake Tahoe and Reno — far away from computers, and the sound of Communist guns.

San Francisco Examiner

☆☆☆☆

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1971

SU



Naval Cadet Jacques Camescasse

He Says 'Merci' For U.S. Mercy

By Harold V. Streeter

An obscure French Navy cadet is getting celebrity attention here. More like what an admiral would expect.

The U.S. Navy and the French government have joined hands to turn the sad story of Jacques Camescasse into one with a better ending.

A week ago, the 28 year old Navy cadet arrived on the French training ship Jeanne d'Arc, one of the few married trainees among the 100 aboard. Two months ago his wife, Martine, gave birth to their first child, a girl, Sabine.

Hours after the ship's arrival, tragedy struck. Camescasse's rented car collided in heavy fog in Marin County with another car. His right leg had to be amputated at the knee.

—Turn to Page 24, Col. 4

The Bay Area Story of a French Cadet

—From Page 1 brought the cadet the news His other leg was fractured. ing with his wife. The transatlantic call was paid for by the French Navy League here.

Interpreter

The League's president, Francois Le Pendu, sent over his wife, Odette, to act as interpreter for Camescasse, who can't speak a word of English.

His first visitors didn't need interpreters. They were French Consul General Claude Batault and his deputy, Jacques Royet. They

Weak from loss of blood, Camescasse felt the end had come despite care and attention given him at San Francisco General Hospital. He was in his last year of training with Ecole Navale, the equivalent of Annapolis, and he was looking forward to a Navy career.

Then Thursday things began to improve. U.S. 12th Naval District officials notified the chief of naval operations in Washington and asked priority for arrange-

ments to bring Mrs. Camescasse from her home at Mont-de-Marzan in southwestern France.

At 9 a.m. Friday, Camescasse was on the phone, talking that Martine Camescasse is arriving tomorrow, her trip arranged by the U.S. Navy.

The French Air Force is flying her to Los Angeles. A U.S. Naval plane will bring her to the Bay Area.

A little later, Capt. Calvin F. Johnson, medical service corps officer, and Capt. C. E. Briggs, assistant chief of staff of the U.S. 12th Naval

District, arrived at the hospital.

They went at the direction of Adm. A. R. Matter, the district commandant, and Adm. H. P. Mahin, commander officer of Oak Knoll Navy Hospital in Oakland.

Through the interpreter, they explained that Camescasse was being transferred to Oak Knoll, the orthopedic appliance center of the U.S. Navy, so he could be fitted with an artificial leg.

"You're going to walk away from this," Captain Johnson assured him.

"Before we're through you

Things Looking Up For French Cadet

By George Murphy
"Formidable!"

Although there was an interpreter in the room on the sixth floor of Oakland Naval Hospital, nobody needed a translation of Jacques Camescasse's grinning reply to a question yesterday.

The 28-year-old senior cadet at Ecole Navale, France's Annapolis, was meeting the press for the first time since the auto accident on the Golden Gate Bridge February 13 in which he suffered the loss of his right leg at the knee.

Bare-chested and affable, Camescasse (through the translation of Florence Prouverelle, press attache to the French Consulate here) said his treatment since the accident "has been overwhelming."

Among other things:

His wife, Martine, and daughter, Sabine, two months, were flown by the French Air Force from Paris to Montreal to Los Angeles, and then by commercial airline to San Francisco, arriving here Monday night.

Flowers for Mme. Camescasse were sent to the hospital by the French Naval attache in Washington, and chocolate from Rear Admiral and Mrs. Alfred Matter. He is the Commandant of the 12th Naval District.

Commander Ira J. Woodstein, the chief of orthopedic services at the Naval Hospital, said the chances are "excellent" that Camescasse will walk again with an artificial leg.

The U.S. Navy and the French Government combined to bring all these things about — and their activities made Camescasse somewhat of a celebrity in France.

"I would rather have not

become a celebrity in this particular way," Camescasse said wryly from his bed, as TV cameras ground away.

Mme. Camescasse placed Sabine, blissfully asleep on the next bed to the cadet.

Camescasse had not seen his daughter before Monday night, having been on a cruise on the French training ship Jeanne d'Arc, which arrived here February 10.

He found his daughter to be "adorable, and pretty. One looks at a child like a jewel."

As to the accident, the cadet remembers "when it happened, but not how it happened."

And the future?

"I will try to follow my career in the Navy," he said, although that may be in doubt.

Dr. Woodstein was asked if Camescasse could "climb the rigging of a training ship" with an artificial leg.

"It's been done before," the doctor replied.

Whether Camescasse will remain at the Naval Hospital for the Prosthesis treatment — which will take about six months — or return to France for it is still up in the air.

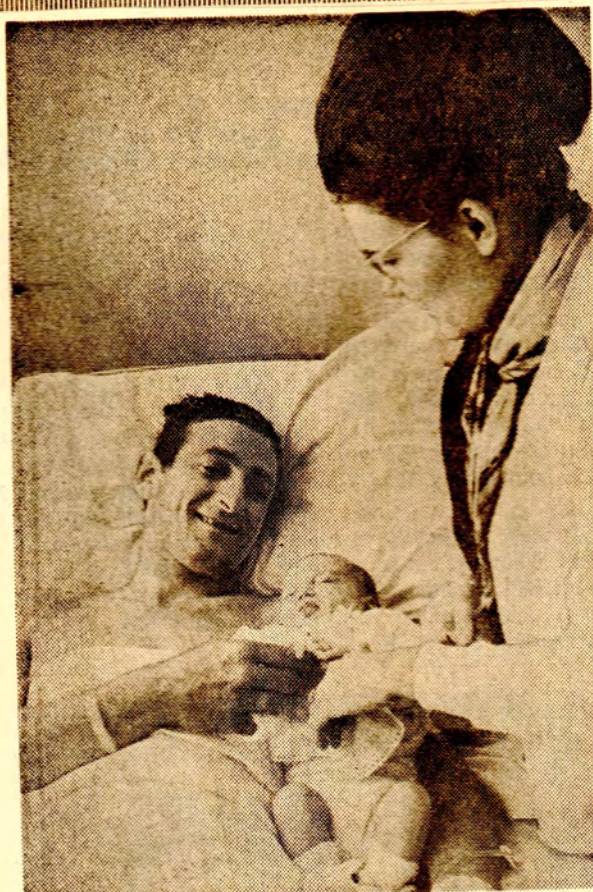
Camescasse said he would prefer to remain at the hospital in Oakland. "France, unfortunately, does not have as nice premises as there are here."

The decision will be made within the next four weeks after consultation between the French and American governments.

Camescasse shares the hospital room with Lieutenant (j.g.) Ron Johnson, a Moffett Naval Air Station pilot recovering from surgery.

On Lieutenant Johnson's bedside table is a paperback book entitled: "Getting Along in French."

26 San Francisco Chronicle ☆ Wed., Feb. 24, 1971



Jacques Camescasse and wife Martine with 2-month-old daughter Sabine

2 F Oakland Tribune Wed., Feb. 24, 1971



Reunited In Crisis

French naval cadet Jacques Camescasse, 28, who lost his leg in an auto accident while his ship visited the Bay Area recently, was reunited yesterday with his wife and daughter at Oak Knoll Naval Hospital.

Oakland Tribune
Sun., Feb. 28, 1971 21



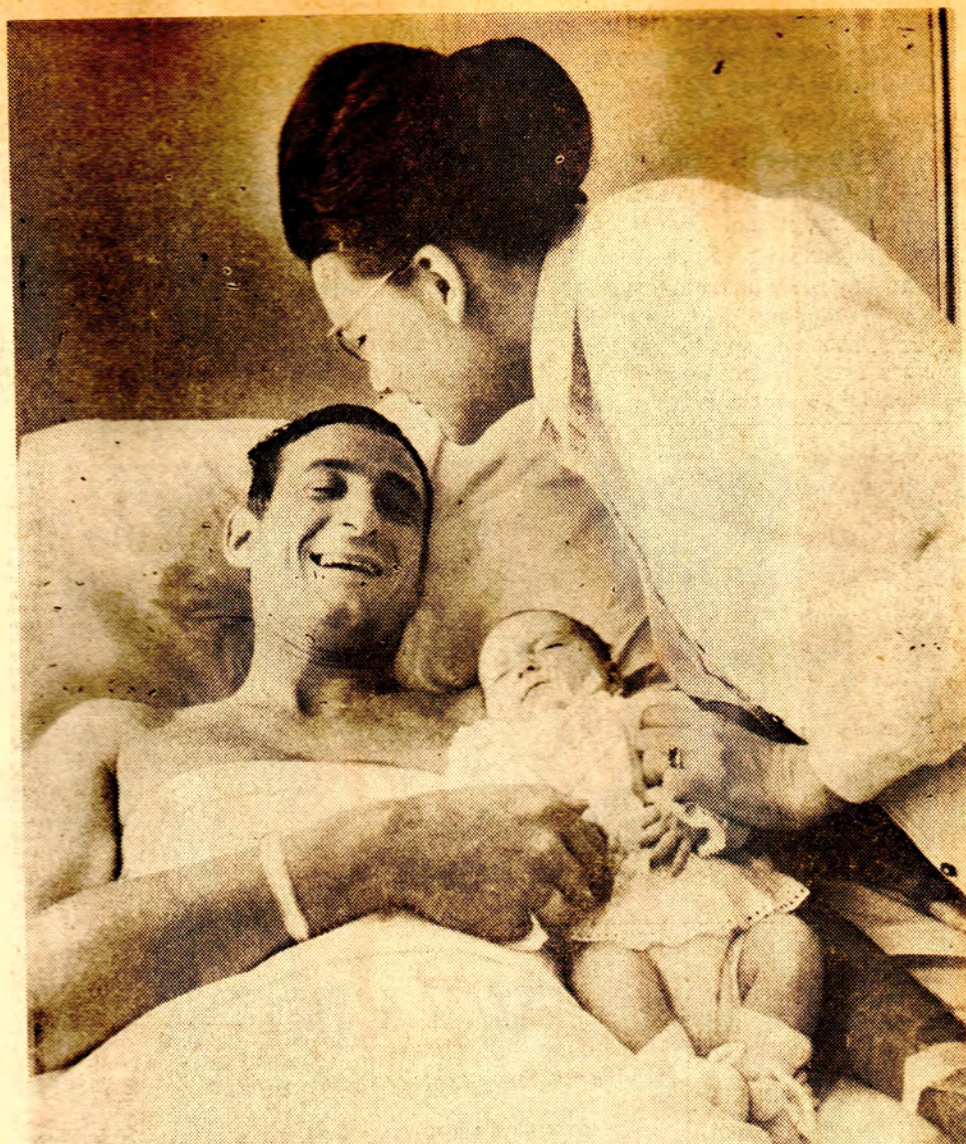
CHAPLAIN H. E. AUSTIN
Retires, takes new post

Chaplain to Be Probation Aide

Capt. Henry E. Austin, senior Protestant chaplain at the Oakland Naval Hospital since 1967, will retire tomorrow.

He has served as a Navy chaplain for 28 years. He served with the Marines in the South Pacific during World War II and with a Marine unit in Korea.

Chaplain Austin is due to become a probation officer for Alameda County, following the completion of a course of study. He is a director of Oakland's Goodwill Industries.



A TOUCH OF FRANCE IN OAKLAND'S NAVAL HOSPITAL
Jacques Camescasse had two visitors at his bedside, his wife and child

—Examiner Photo

Cadet Convalescing

Bit of France in Oakland

By Don Martinez

There's a bit of colorful France today on the sixth floor of Oakland's Naval Hospital.

A small but proud French flag — the blue, white and red Tricolore — whiffed lazily from its perch atop an eight-foot intravenous rack.

Peppery French periodicals — newspapers and La Droite Attaque (the Right Attacks, a sort of French Time magazine) — are strewn around the bed. A demand for French dictionaries is being made at the commissary bookstore.

French Cadet

The reason for this sudden interest in things Parisian is the sprawling medical center's special guest — French naval cadet Jacques Camescasse. The 28 year old seaman is convalescing from a

tragic auto accident last week that cost him his right leg as he was touring foggy Marin County.

The handsome midshipman was one of 100 sailors aboard the training ship Jeanne d'Arc last week which slipped into San Francisco as part of an extended cruise.

Hours later Camescasse and a shipmate, less seriously injured, were rushed to San Francisco General Hospital after their rented car smashed into another car near the Golden Gate Bridge.

Career Threatened

Lying seriously injured thousands of miles from home, his chosen career as a French naval officer seriously threatened and the father of a gurgling two months old girl he had never seen, the young cadet's plight touched the hearts of hardened U.S. and French navy officials from coast to coast.

High level gears began to turn, cutting diplomatic and military red tape so that the young man's family could be with him.

'Like a Jewel'

Yesterday as a corps of new men gathered in Room E-602, Camescasse higgled pretty brunette wife, Martine, and cuddled rosy-cheeked Sabine, his brand new daughter.

"A child is like a jewel," he whispered to Florence Prouverelle, a pretty interpreter from the French con-

sul general's office in San Francisco.

Flowers and boxes of chocolates from top Navy brass across the country cluttered his bedside as he spoke in glowing terms of "the incredible interest in my case by the Americans."

Military Jet

Mrs. Camescasse, who flew nonstop from Paris to Los Angeles aboard a French Air Force jet late Monday, then was brought to the Bay Area on a local flight, is staying nearby with Cmdr. and Mrs. Ronald Proulx, who have little trouble chatting with their unexpected but welcome guests.

American and French authorities are discussing the possibility of keeping Camescasse at the Oakland facility for at least six months until he is properly fitted and trained with an artificial limb.

Chances Good

He wants to continue with his plans to serve with the French fleet. Hospital officials sounded optimistic on his chances for success.

"His chances of walking out of there on an artificial leg are excellent," mused Cmdr. Ira J. Woodstein, orthopedic service chief of the facility.

The name Camescasse in the dialect of his small home village, Meseille, means "oak leg."

Berkeley Daily Gazette

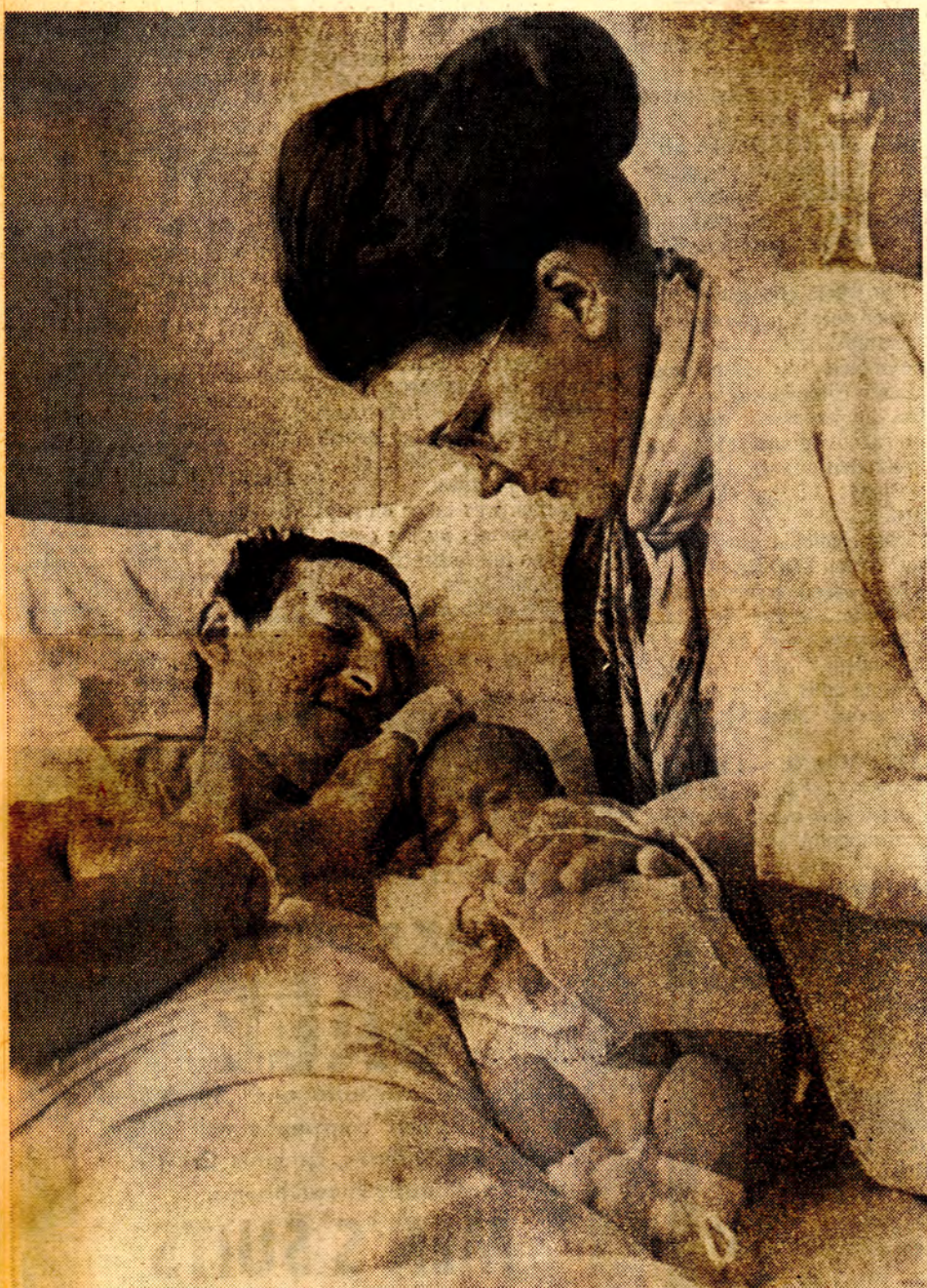
For 93 Years the Home Newspaper of the Greater Berkeley Community

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BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1971

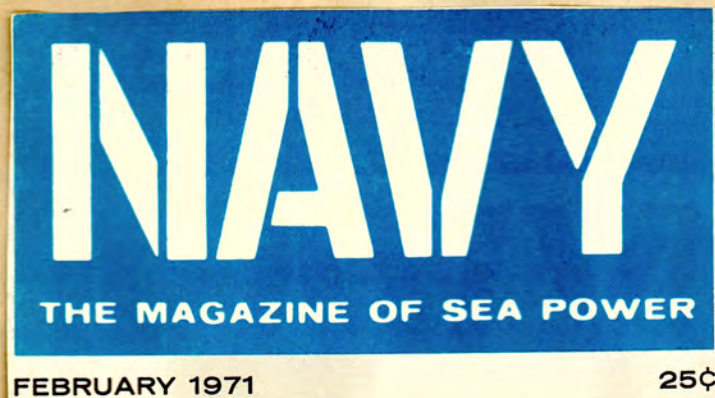
No. 48



REUNION — French Navy Cadet Jacques Camescasse was reunited with his wife, Martine, and their two month old daughter, Sabine, at Oakland Naval Hospital Wednesday where he is convalescing from a recent auto wreck that cost him his right leg. His family flew

to the U.S. by French air force jet after a series of red-tape cutting calls by top U.S. Navy officials. The 28-year-old cadet arrived in San Francisco a week ago on the French training ship Jeanne d'Arc and hours later was involved in the auto crash.

—UPI Photo



ALMEDA CONTRA COSTA WOMEN'S COUNCIL

Twenty young amputees from Oakland Hospital were entertained at a dinner party recently by this council, which plans to give the party annually. Seated at left is Peter Filice, Jr. Standing (left to right) are Tom Kilduff, Ron Ojeda, Chester Collins, Marline Schober, Ed Gerding and Carlos Franco.

OAKLAND POST

CALIFORNIA'S INFORMED CENTER CITY NEWSPAPER

Vol. 7 Number 8, Thursday, February 25, 1971

2973 Sacramento St., Berkeley, California 94702

Area Code 415; 849-0332



15 cents;

Lieutenant Supervises Staff Of 30



An atmosphere of mutual respect and friendship prevails in Navy Lieutenant Allen L. Woods Naval Hospital Outpatient Service Administrative Office in Oakland. He is a member of the Navy's Medical Service Corps. And is administrative assistant to the Chief of the Outpatient Service's Office.

In that capacity, Woods supervises a staff of 30 military and civilian personnel, who treat some 29,000 men, women and children each month.

Woods reported to the hospital in July of 1968 as an administrative resident, after studying at George Washington University in Washington for two years.

He attended the University under a Navy scholarship and was graduated first in his class.

On leaving school and entering the hospital as a re-

sident, Woods was rotated through the various divisions of the hospital in order to obtain his Master's Degree in Health Care Administration from the University.

He received his degree on June 8, 1969.

Among Wood's major tasks is the counseling of naval personnel and their dependents concerning government medical insurance programs.

When asked about his work, the 37-year-old Woods commented:

"Dealing with people, having an opportunity to help them and frequently seeing the results of that help makes my job most gratifying. I've never liked saying 'No' and there's nothing negative about this job."

One may often observe Woods in a small conference room adjoining his office, counseling for example a mother and her children about the dental care they may obtain through CHAMPUS, the Civilian Health and Medical Program of the Uniformed Services. "When counseling naval personnel and their dependents, we let the problem dictate the action but in almost every case I am able to help them get the help they need," says Woods.

His naval career began with recruit training in 1954 after three years of pre-med study at University of Michigan.

Prior to attending college he graduated from Saline High in his home town at the Great Lakes Naval Station. Woods was transferred to the Naval Hospital Corps School at Portsmouth, Virginia.

From school Woods was assigned to the Naval Hospital at Key West, Florida.

His next tour took him to Okinawa with the Third Marine Division, then on to the Naval Dispensary at Camp Pendleton. A tour at the Laboratory Assistant School

at the Naval Hospital, San Diego, followed.

After two more California duty stations, Woods was commissioned an ensign in the Medical Service Corps while serving aboard the destroyer USS Purvis in 1963.

His first assignment as a commissioned officer was in the Neuropsychiatry Service at Philadelphia Naval Hospital as Administrative Officer.

Since versatility is a must in the Medical Service Corps, it came as no great surprise to Woods that he was ordered to Vietnam as Medical Supply Officer for the Third Marine Division.

For his outstanding performance of duty there, he was awarded the Navy Achievement Medal.

His citation reads in part: "With resourcefulness and ingenuity, Lieutenant Woods supervised conversion of six Vietnamese buildings into warehouses and offices. Under his astute guidance, the accounting for and requisitioning of supplies was mechanized using procedures compatible with the Marine Corps Supply System."

After his return stateside, Woods entered the Naval School of Health Care Administration at Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland.

These studies lead to his Master's Degree and to his present assignment at Oakland Naval Hospital.

Woods met his wife Thoma-

sinia Barnes while stationed in Key West. They have nine children, ranging in age from one to 14 years.

Black Naval Officer Heads Hospital Unit

OAKLAND, Calif.—An atmosphere of mutual respect and friendship prevails in Navy Lieutenant Allen L. Woods' Oakland, California, Naval Hospital Outpatient Service Administrative Office. Lt. Woods is a member of the Navy's Medical Service Corps.

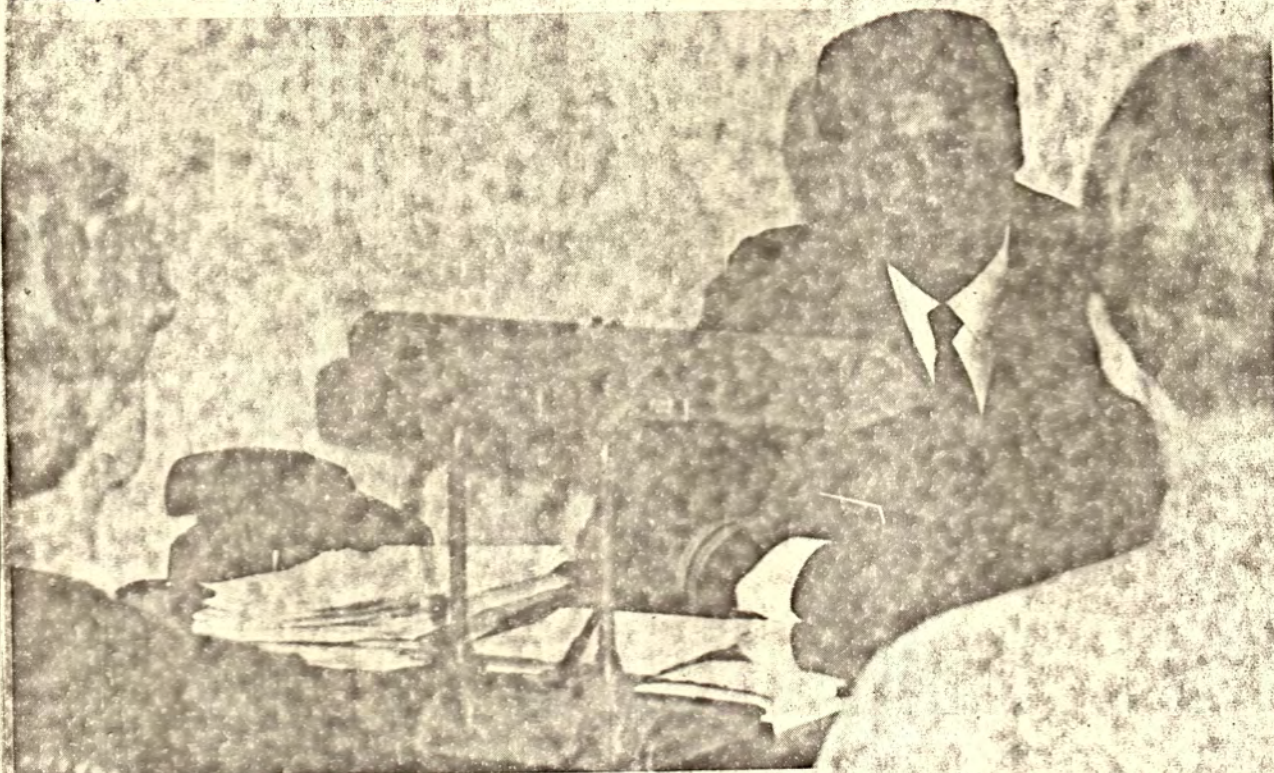
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Upon leaving school and entering the hospital as a resident, Woods was rotated through the various divisions

room adjoining his office counseling a mother and her children about the dental care they may obtain through CHAMPUS, the Civilian Health and Medical Program of the Uniformed Services.

Lt. Woods explained, "When counseling naval personnel and their dependents we let the problem dictate the action, but in almost every case, I am able to help them get the help they need."

Lt. Woods' naval career began with recruit training in 1954 after completing three years of pre-med study at the University of Michigan. Prior to attending college, he graduated from Saline High in his hometown of Saline,



LT. ALLEN L. WOODS, center, of the Naval Medical Corps stationed at the Oakland Calif., Naval Hospital, counsels a couple in need of marital guidance. Lt. Woods

is the supervisor of the administrative office of the naval hospital's out-patient service.

of the hospital in order for him to obtain his Master's Degree in Health Care Administration from the University.

He received his degree, June 8, 1969, and has served as administrative assistant to the Chief of the Outpatient Service's Office since then. In this capacity, Woods supervises a staff of 30 military and civilian personnel who treat an average of 29,000 men, women and children each month.

Among Lt. Woods' major tasks is the counseling of naval personnel and their dependents concerning government medical insurance programs and explaining how Navy regulations and policies help them to solve their health care problems.

When asked about his tasks the soft-spoken 37-year-old Woods commented, "Dealing with people, having an opportunity to help them, and frequently seeing the results of that help, makes my job most gratifying. I've never liked saying 'No,' and there's nothing negative about this job."

One may often observe Woods in a small conference

Michigan. Upon completing recruit training at the Great Lakes Naval Station Al Woods was transferred to the Naval Hospital Corps School, Portsmouth, Virginia.

From school, Woods was assigned to the Naval Hospital, Key West, Florida. His next tour took him to Okinawa with the Third Marine Division, then onto the Naval Dispensary at Camp Pendleton, San Diego, California, followed by a tour at the Laboratory Assistant School at the Naval Hospital, San Diego.

Following two more California duty stations, then Hospital Corpsman First Class Woods was commissioned an Ensign in the Medical Service Corps while serving aboard the destroyer USS Purvis in 1963. His first assignment as a commissioned officer was in the Neuropsychiatry Service at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital as Administrative Officer.

Since versatility is a must in the Medical Service Corps it came as no surprise to Al Woods when he was ordered to Vietnam as Medical Supply Officer for the Third Marine Division.

Letters for publication should be no longer
American Medical News, 535 N. Dearborn,

Women in medicine

□ The American Medical Women's Assn. believes medical schools should have flexible policies toward woman students (AMN, Nov. 23, 1970). If women don't learn how to work along with men without special privileges, they will be unprepared when facing prejudice as a doctor. The women that medical schools do accept must be ones who will be able to show true determination and "rough it" along with the other students. If a woman can do this as a student and as a doctor, she will have respect not only for herself but from her peers as well.

KATHRYN RUTH POPENOE
Oakland, Calif.

(Editor's Note: Miss Popenoe is a high school student, a nursing aide, and founder and president of the Future Physicians Club at Skyline High School.)

One of our JANGOS

Oakland Tribune
20 ETues., April 20, 1971

Memorial for Sara Myer, Navy Nurse

BERKELEY—Memorial services will be held Thursday for Sara B. Myer of Berkeley, one of the first 20 U.S. Navy nurses, who died Sunday. She was 93.

Miss Myer had been an Army nurse for three years at the San Francisco Presidio and had retired to New Jersey, her native state, when the Navy Nurse Corps was formed in 1908.

One of the original "Sacred Twenty" members of the corps, she served in Washington, Brooklyn, N.Y., Charleston, S.C., and Port au Prince, Haiti. For 14 years, from 1916 to 1930, she was principal chief nurse of the corps.

She retired in 1930, lived for a time in Florida and then came to Berkeley, where she lived for the past 21 years.

Miss Myer is survived by her sister, Mrs. Frances Helen Ebeling, and a niece, Mrs. Helen L. Berger, both of Berkeley.

Friends are invited to attend memorial services Thursday at 11 a.m. at the Oakland YWCA, Room 303, 2515 Webster St., Oakland.



SANTA GETS HELPING HAND AS HOSPITAL CHRISTMAS DRIVE OPENS
Campaign leaders Mary Valle, R. Adm. H. Paul Mahin and Larry Rodgriggs

Vets Yule Fund Drive Praised

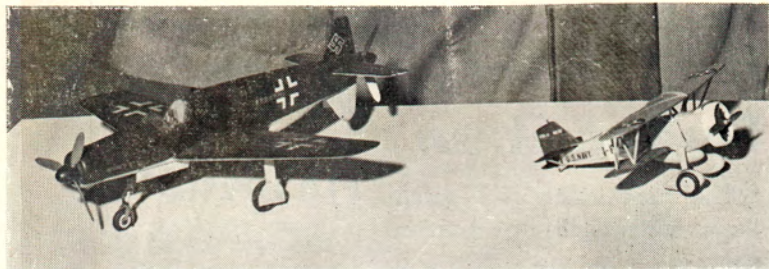
The generosity of East Bay residents, through the annual Veterans Hospitals' Christmas Committee, has been lauded by Rear Admiral H. Paul Mahin, commanding officer of the Oakland Naval Hospital.

He told the 70-member committee at a dinner Monday at the hospital's officers' club that he had never seen anything like the community effort at any other hospital at which he has been stationed.

The committee dinner began the annual holiday season fund raising campaign. This year the goal is \$25,000 which will provide decorations, individual gifts and professional entertainment at Christmas time for some 1,000 bedridden patients at the Oakland Naval Hospital and at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Livermore.

The committee also provides professional entertainment for ambulatory patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Martinez as well as decorations.

The entire effort is conducted by volunteers "with absolutely no overhead," according to Larry Rodgriggs, committee chairman.



DETAIL WORK — Two of the scale models shown at the display were Germany's 1944 Dornier 335 and the United States' 1933 Curtiss Goshawk.

Scale Models Shown To Hospital Patients

"Hey, how did you get that Huey to look all hit up like it had been in 'Nam?" The question was from a Vietnam war veteran looking at a detailed scale model of a helicopter which had obviously seen battle action.

It was one of more than 50 models spread out in the seventh floor lounge of the Naval Hospital, Oakland one evening two weeks ago.

The answer (scrape off some paint or add some silver) came

from the organizer of the display, Jerry Smith, management analyst in the Statistics and Management Information Branch, Planning and Comptroller Dept. at the Center and avid scale modeler in his spare time.

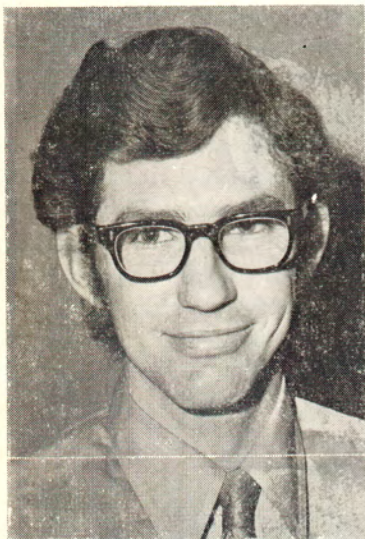
He is vice-president of the Golden Gate Chapter of the International Plastic Modeler's Assn. and arranged with LTJG Robert Russnogle, Special Services Div. chief at the hospital, for members of his club to come to the hospital with their models.

Seven club members did, arriving with boxes full of miniature aircraft, ships, cars and tanks, which they set up on the lounge shelves and tables.

Shortly afterwards the patients, most of them amputees, began to arrive. Before long the room was filled to capacity and the more than two dozen model kits donated by club members were dispersed.

The model of the helicopter caused the most comment but the planes, tanks and ships were also minutely examined. At the suggestion of one of the patients Smith also wheeled some models to the rooms of bed-ridden patients.

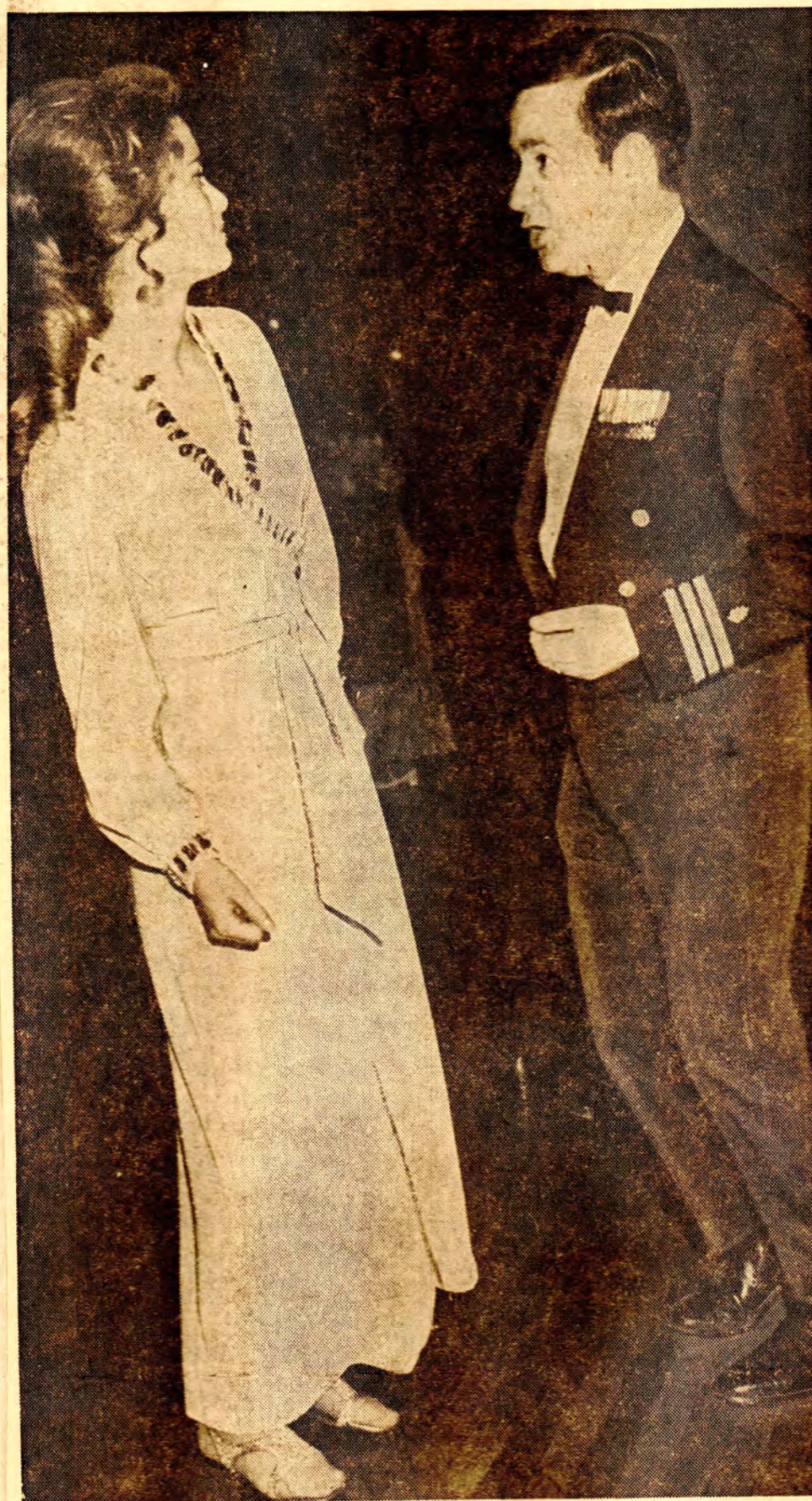
The interest engendered was gratifying to Smith, who organized the show with the thought that modeling could be a welcome pastime for the patients, especially those with a long convalescence.



Jerry Smith

A Medical Centennial Celebration

Gold braid and anchors-awhirl history were interspersed with cocktails, supper and rock and vintage dancing, when naval doctors and nurses celebrated the 'new' Naval Medical Corps' 100th birthday with spouses and dates at Oakland Naval Hospital Officers Club. Special guests were Vice Adm. and Mrs. Frederick C. Greaves and Rear Admirals and Mmes. H. P. Mahin, Thomas G. Hays and Courtney Clegg. During interludes guests gazed at the 'bulkhead photo gallery.'



Cmdr. James Beeby, who's in surgical service at Oakland Naval Hospital, dances with Debbie Muller of San Francisco

Tribune photos by Prentice Brooks



'It's like this,' explained Lt. Thomas Cravy (above) to Mrs. Richard Fraioli, wife of a Naval anesthesiologist, and his wife, Lt. Betty Cravy, an intern at Oakland Naval Hospital. At left are Mrs. Hampton Hubbard, wife of the ONH executive officer, and Cmdr. Joseph Yon Jr, whose father, Rear Admiral Yon, is commanding officer of Portsmouth Naval Hospital in Virginia. The Yons' service together totals 43 years

World of Women

Oakland ~~202~~ Tribune Wed., March 10, 1971 15-A

Women's Interests

The Berkeley GAZETTE Thurs., Mar. 18, 1971—5

Red Cross Volunteers

Berkeleyans Give Their Time to Naval Hospital

Stuck in a hospital for an indefinite stay-away from home and friends — "It's enough to drive a guy out of his mind, unless he's got something to do." That was the way one young servicemen at the Naval Hospital put it, and that, he explained, was why he liked to see "the Red Cross lady" coming.

Giving patients something to do, and doing things for them, is the interesting and satisfying job of 29 volunteers from the Berkeley Red Cross Chapter who serve at the Naval Hospital in Oakland.

Mrs. Leonard Rubinger, chairman of the unit, spends two days a week at the hospital and says of her work, "I'm consumed by it; every time I go out there I find something challenging to do."

With a son now completing his fourth year in the Navy, she feels a special empathy for the hospitalized men. "Through no fault of their own, they have suffered in an unpopular war, and I think they are neglected by the pub-

lic," she said. "It is very satisfying to be able to do something for them. We need so many more people to help."

Things to be done at the hospital are many and varied. Patients there are not only servicemen, but their wives and children as well, and volunteers from East Bay Red Cross chapters perform a variety of duties in virtually every ward and clinic.

In addition to doing personal services for the patients, they do laboratory work, teach crafts, help in the recreation program and serve as hostesses at monthly dances.

The starched grey uniforms with white collars and cuffs that in World War II days gave hospital volunteers the name "Gray Ladies" are a thing of the past, along with the name. Now the official uniform worn by all Red Cross volunteers is an attractive blue and white pin-striped "easy-care" dress, and hospital volunteers are called simply that.

Groups of hospital volun-

teers are driven to the Naval Hospital from Red Cross headquarters on Tuesdays. Those working on other days provide their own transportation.

Mrs. Joseph Levy is one of those whose "bag" is doing personal services for bed patients. Actually, an important part of her "bag" is her basket, which she and fellow workers carry over their arms when they make their rounds of the wards.

In it are such things as a pad and pencil to jot down items patients want from the "PX," letter writing materials, games, and samples of craft work patients will be encouraged to try to pass away long hospital hours. From the sample she carries, they may select a project that appeals, and materials and instruction will be furnished them.

Behind the scenes in the craft shop in the Red Cross recreation lounge are four busy Berkeley volunteers preparing craft projects for the bed patients.

Every Thursday finds Mrs. Alfred Ayres, Mrs. George

Knudsen and Walter Leigh cutting and assembling leather kits such as key cases, wallets, "squaw bag," belts and moccasins.

Mrs. Carl Rommer specializes in cutting and assembling felt pieces for Snoopy, the darling pilot, Marine and Navy dolls, and more than 25 stuffed animals, all of which are extremely popular subjects.

When the craft kits are completed they contain everything the patient will need to make the project. Mr. and Mrs. William Marx of Berkeley are among the 10 to 12 volunteers who teach crafts on the wards. Ambulatory patients come to the Red Cross craft shop for instruction and to work.

Beading, copper tooling, chip carving, huck towel weaving, and now the popular "macrame" are other crafts taught.

Another group of Berkeley Red Cross hospital volunteers visit the Livermore Veterans Hospital on Fridays performing similar services for the patients there.

Volunteers, men as well as women, are needed at both hospitals, especially just now at Livermore. Those interested



Phillip Ray Dennis takes time before his discharge from Naval Hospital after recovering from surgery to say goodbye to his good friend, Mrs. Leonard Rubinger, a Berkeley Red Cross Volunteer from El Cerrito.

are asked to contact the Office of Volunteers at the Berkeley Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Red Cross services in military and convalescent hospi-

tals are among the helpful programs financed entirely by voluntary contributions to the Red Cross, which is now making a special appeal for supplementary funds.



Berkeley Red Cross Volunteer Mrs. George Knudsen cuts leather for craft work for patients at the Naval Hospital. Complete kits are prepared for those confined to bed, while ambulatory patients come to the craft shop in the Red Cross lounge at the Oakland hospital.



Mrs. Joseph Levy of Berkeley, right, a Red Cross Volunteer, takes a shopping list from Victor L. Phillips of things he wants from the Navy Exchange. Mrs. Levy specializes in personal services for bed patients.

Wheelchair Safari

Story and photos by Sgt Hank Berkowitz



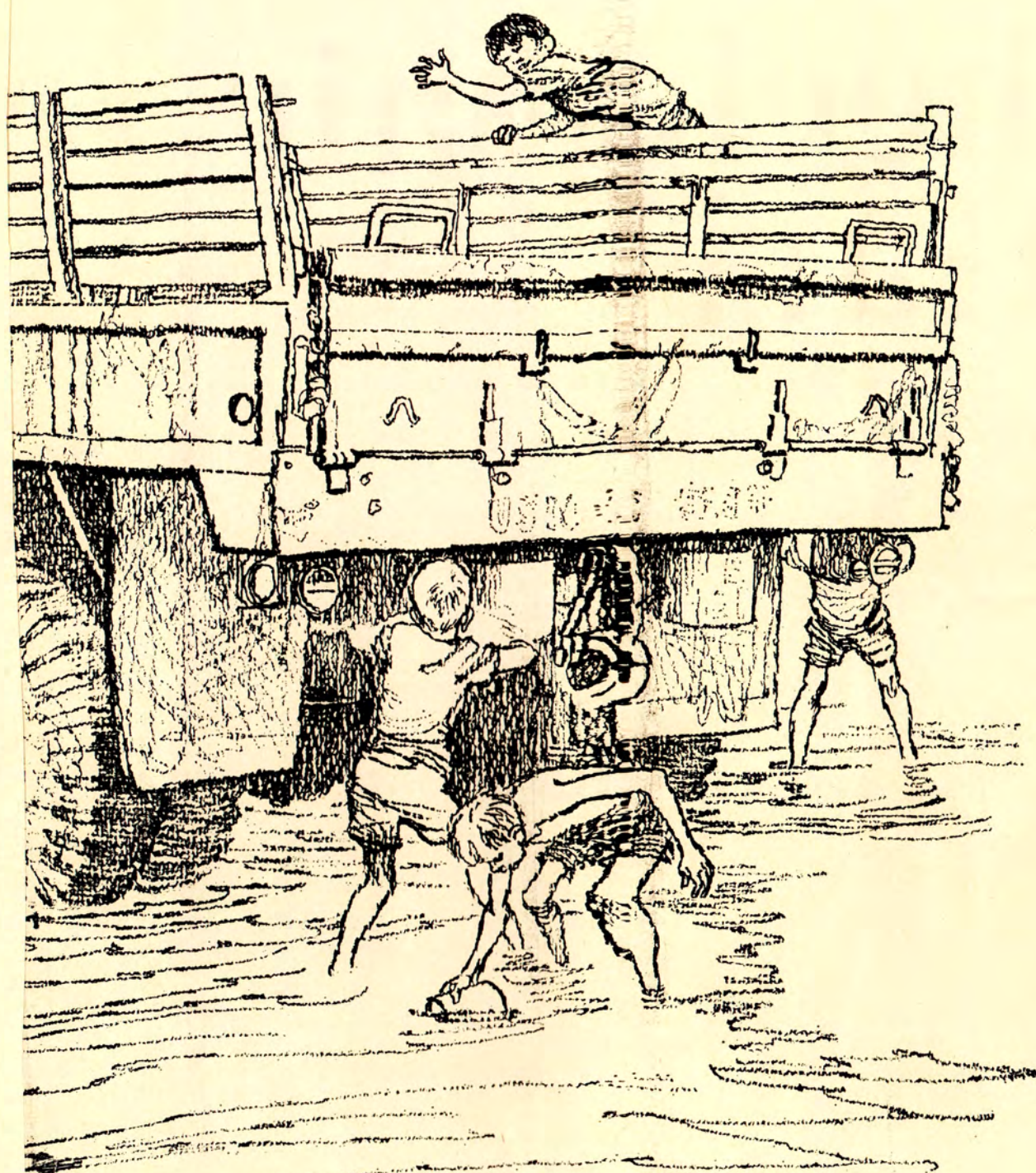
Leatherneck

JAN. 1971

MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

35c

1971



by
CHARLES WATERHOUSE

"THIS WAS my first step back into public life, and I couldn't have asked for a better experience to start out with."

These words were spoken by Cpl Bobby DeVoll, one of 15 amputees, both Marines and Navy corpsmen, who had just returned from a successful weekend of deer hunting and other recreational activities. The weekend was sponsored by the community of Humboldt County in Northern California.

The 15 men—13 were Marines who had lost one or more limbs in Vietnam—had been flown from Oak Knoll Naval Hospital, Oakland, Calif., along with five attendants. The program was initiated by

Humboldt County in 1966 under the directorship of Ervin Renner, County Veterans Service Officer. Since the start of the program, the county has entertained more than 160 Marine and Navy Vietnam amputees.

Renner, a double-leg amputee himself, lost his limbs in the Battle of the Bulge during World War II. "I was a patient in a military hospital after the war," he explained, "so I know the mental and physical trauma to which these young men are subjected. During my period of hospital recuperation, the surrounding community sponsored a program whereby we were able to get out of the hospital and get involved with life again. Sort of a 'first step' back to the land of the living, you might say.

"And that's what we're trying to accomplish here," he continued. "We want to give these men that chance and help them realize that someone still cares for them. That's hard to realize when you're lying in that hospital bed day after endless day, thinking lonely thoughts of the world flowing by without you.

"So, after much thought and consideration, we finally got the program started here in Humboldt County. The first trip wasn't that successful, but we learned more as time went by.

"The program has grown now to envelop the whole community. They provide for two trips a year—a fishing trip and then the hunt. Everybody donates something," said Renner. This includes local citizenry, merchants, service organizations and the sheriff's office. The VFW and the American Legion are the biggest backers, getting out and asking for monetary donations, food, housing, sports equipment, transportation and all the other necessities needed to provide a memorable weekend for the amputees.

"We have no specific therapy in mind; we're just a group of people who want to make the men feel that someone is concerned about their welfare, and we try to make their period of recuperation a little easier," he concluded.

The amputees were greeted at the airport by local officials and veterans, then taken to lunch before changing clothes and heading for the hills and the deer hunt.

Arriving at the Roy Fulton Ranch, owned by one of five local ranchers who had donated their private land for the hunt, the novice nimrods were given rifles. Amputees confined to wheelchairs had their chairs securely fastened in backs of trucks

before heading out. A few hours of daylight still remained for hunting.

Each amputee hunter was accompanied by a driver, guide and one or two helpers. This was to insure the safety of the hunt. Also, in case the hunter only succeeded in wounding a deer, one of the guides would be there to make sure it didn't get away.

Because of their various handicaps and the rough terrain, hunters were confined to the trucks. Drivers would travel the hill roads until they reached a likely-looking area. They would then stop, and the truck beds would be used as deer stands.

Guides used binoculars and rifle scopes to survey the hills, looking for deer in the dense underbrush and timber. If a deer wasn't sighted after a reasonable length of time, one or two helpers would tramp through the area, trying to drive one out of hiding.

The spirit of the hunt affected one and all, each group insuring their particular hunter that they knew a place in the woods where deer were certain to be found. At first, most of the amputees were restrained, but it wasn't long before they were conversing easily.

For most of the Marines, it was their first try at deer hunting. It didn't take them long to snap in, though; seven white-tail bucks fell the first day.

Back at camp, local men and women had been busy preparing a steak barbecue with all the trimmings. From past hunts, they knew there would be some big appetites coming in soon.

A few bucks had escaped the sights of the hunters and during dinner there were jests from the local populace about the famed Marine marksmanship. But it was all good-natured kidding, and besides, there would be another chance the next morning.

After the meal, a trio of musicians provided a wide assortment of sounds and songs for entertainment. In the audience were more than 200 county residents who had made the long trek up to the Fulton ranch to visit with the amputees.

One of those who had driven up to participate in the hunt was retired Marine GySgt Bob Boudreau, president of the Rehabilitation Jobs Development Company in Humboldt. Boudreau, who lost both legs in a mine accident, had been a member of the first trip sponsored by the county in 1966. Impressed by the area, he and his family moved there. Since then, Boudreau has made



Leatherneck

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On behalf of the residents of Humboldt County, California, Ervin Renner (C) director of the recreational weekend program, welcomed the amputee hunters and their attendants.

WHEELCHAIR SAFARI (cont.)

every hunting and fishing trip the amputees have taken.

"That first trip up here was a great inspiration for me. I was a pretty bitter individual after losing my legs," Boudreau mused, "and I really didn't know what I was going to do with myself.

"And that's the way it is for a lot

of these young amputees," he stressed. "For some of them, it's their first public contact since their injuries. For most, it can prove to be the first step back on the long road to complete rehabilitation. This kind of program shows the men that the American people haven't forgotten them, and by using myself as

an example, I hope to show them that they too can find their places in society."

The barbecue festivities lasted well into the night, but the entire camp was up at 4:30, awakened by the siren of a fire engine driven up especially for the occasion. As Cpl Greg Najera, one of the Marines

hunters said, "It reminded me of the Nam with that siren going off."

After a hot breakfast, the hunters and their helpers were again on the trail, some looking for their first deer while others were on the lookout for their second, trying to use up their full deer tag allotment. This was the last day of the hunt and the hunters knew there could be no wasted shots.

It was a cool, crisp morning and one seasoned guide observed, "It's just right for the deer to be up and moving." Drivers, guides and Marine hunters spread out over the hills in their vehicles, each group hoping to claim the biggest buck.

It wasn't long before several shots broke the morning stillness. For most of the hunters, though, it was a long wait to sight a deer, then hoping it out to make sure it was a buck and not a doe or fawn. Then there was another pause while they made sure they had a clear shot.

By noon most of the hunters had returned to camp. Cpl Ed Busby was the only Marine to fill both his tags, owning two bucks. Navy Corpsman Bruce Eades also collected two. But Cpl Tommy Brock brought home the prize with a three-point buck weighing almost 110 pounds. In all, the 3 Marines and two Navy corpsmen collected 17 bucks before the hunt ended.

With the hunt over, it was time to head back to Eureka and dress for a banquet in their honor, scheduled for that night at the Eureka Inn.

More than 300 community residents attended the banquet. Congressman Don Clausen was guest speaker. During the awards ceremony, he presented Cpl Brock with a pair of binoculars for his first-place buck. Sgt Henry Barcena received a "Maggie's Drawers" for missing his only shot at a deer.

Afterwards, the amputees had a chance to visit some local night spots. Several chose to visit a discotheque for some dancing. One of those swingers was Cpl Greg Najera, who had lost both legs in a booby trap explosion.

Najera was still confined to a wheelchair, waiting to be fitted with artificial limbs at the hospital. But that didn't stop him from showing the young set a new dance technique. Najera used his chair to perform wheelies, spins and twists around his dancing partner. The young crowd circled him and expressed their approval with a burst of applause.

Tommy Brock, who had recuperated enough from his wounds to be fitted with artificial limbs, tried his luck on the floor. "I had never tried



The amputees tried their luck at trap and skeet shooting, competing for awards and trophies donated by the local residents.

dancing since my injury, but I figured if Greg could dance in his chair then I could do it with my new legs," he chuckled. "That first time I fell flat on my face, but I just got right back up and tried it again until I succeeded."

As the evening came to an end the weary but happy hunters returned to the Eureka Inn, where they spent the night.

The next morning the amputees participated in a trap and skeet shoot prior to boarding a plane for the flight back to the hospital.

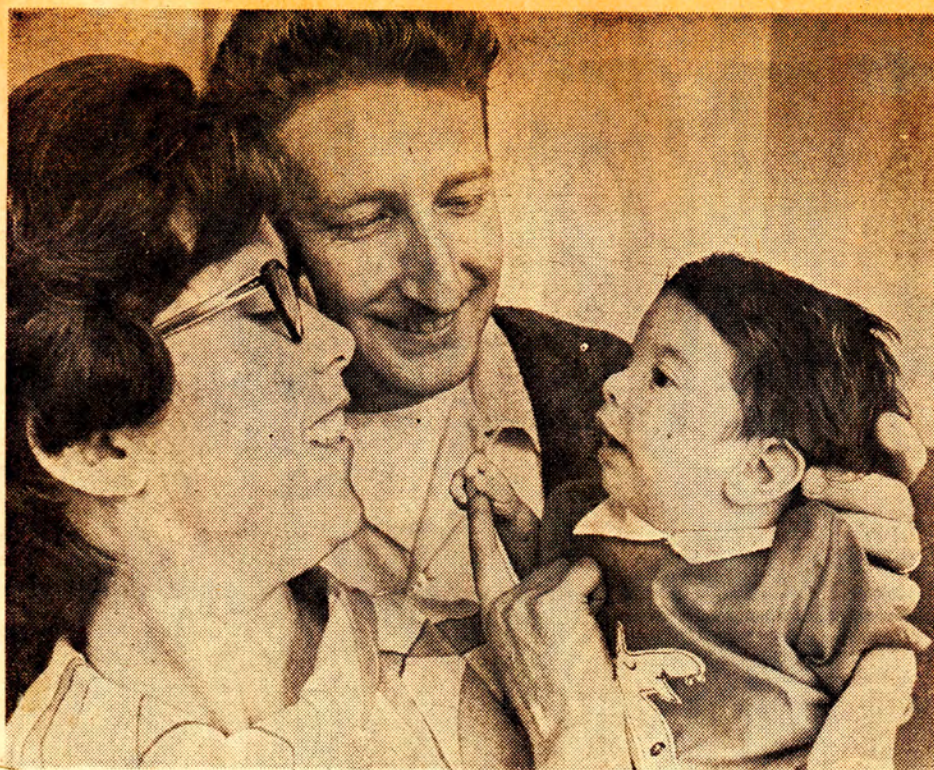
Home again in his ward, Cpl Bobby DeVoll had one last comment about the weekend. "Thank them for us would you? For the wonderful hospitality and, most of all, for just making us feel at home."



Local citizens, acting as guides and helpers for the amputee hunters, carried one of the 17 white-tail bucks bagged by the wheelchair sportsmen.



Cpl Nelson Bourque (C) added the sounds of his guitar to those of a local combo during a barbecue at the Fulton Ranch.



James Davis, wife Nikki, and Matthew, James, saved by heart surgery

Rare Operation Mends Infant's Heart at U.C.

By Norman Melnick

A surgical team at the University of California Medical Center here has successfully closed three holes in the heart of a four month old infant.

Dr. Benson B. Roe, who headed the team, said the operation "constitutes a real breakthrough."

It is believed to be the first time this kind of surgery was performed on an infant of such tender age.

Alive and doing well is Matthew James Davis, born Jan. 10 of this year to a career Coast Guardsman, Radioman First Class James M. Davis, and his wife, Nikki.

Back on May 11, Matthew James was, to use Dr. Roe's words, "at death's door." Roe is UC professor of surgery and chief of cardiothoracic surgery.

Infant Surgery

Heart surgery on infants is not new. It is done increasingly today, even on day old babies, but usually as a temporary procedure.

Corrective surgery is almost always done later, when the infant is older, stronger, and when the post-operative management is easier.

Dr. Saul Joel Robinson, a pediatric cardiologist and UC clinical professor of pediatrics, said the saving of Matthew James' life possibly forecasts "a revolutionary change" in medical practice. "It's very exciting," he said.

Congenital Disorder

Dr. Rose said that up to 20 infants a year with holes in their hearts are seen at UC. It is a common type of congenital heart disorder.

Matthew James was born at Oakland Naval Hospital. Three days later, Dr. Dennis Bier, a Navy pediatrician, routinely examined Matthew James and became suspicious of heart trouble.

The infant was transferred to UC's Moffitt Hospital, which is a center for work in children's heart diseases. It

was established then that there were three holes in the infant's heart, two small, one rather large.

On the sixth day of his life, Matthew James was critically ill.

The doctors, including Dr. Ralph Weiss, an associate of Robinson's, prescribed drugs.

"Frankly," Robinson said, "we were trying to stall for time. It happens that some of these children get well without surgery. Sometimes the holes close down."

Surprised but pleased, Mrs. Davis took Matthew James home from the hospital on Jan. 21.

"The heart problem had more or less settled down," she said.

The doctors told her that surgery in her son's case was not performed, except in extreme emergencies, until after age one or two.

Every two weeks Matthew James was checked by Navy doctors. X-rays were taken. Cardiograms were made. Every 12 hours Matthew James took medicine. He seemed to be doing all right.

"As time went on," Mrs. Davis said, "he started eating real well, and I even got him to the point where he slept all night long."

Then in April the infant became sick again and was readmitted to the Navy hospital. No more could be done for him there, so he was transferred back to Moffitt Hospital with its noted specialists and sophisticated equipment.

The surgery planned was the usual, time-tested method of banding the pulmonary artery to shut off the excess flow of blood to the lungs, a condition caused by the hole in the heart. The lungs can not handle this excess.

Roe, the chief surgeon, was exasperated.

"This is a temporary expedient and it's just not very precise. And we didn't like its results: too many complications and many of our babies died. It was my feeling

that the only way was to do the corrective surgery now."

It was decided. Then Roe and Dr. John C. Hutchinson, a UC diagnostic cardiologist, had to alter certain elements of the crucial heart-lung machine — reduce them to miniature size for the tiny patient facing open heart surgery.

The operation started at 8:15 a.m. on May 11, and for over an hour Matthew James' heart lay bare as Roe and his team repaired the holes.

The hole between the two lower chambers of the heart presented a special problem. At eight millimeters, it was too large to stitch, so the doctors used a Dacron cloth patch to cover the hole.

COPIED
 For your file
 Pao

Sick Bed Plea

Betty Warner's Gamble With Death

Editor's note: Mrs. Betty Warner, a West View Estates resident called the Leader Tuesday from her hospital bed and pleaded hysterically to be heard. Leader reporter Peter Owens filed this report)

by Peter Owens

Referring to her life in Oak Knoll Hospital as a painful prison term until death, last week Mrs. Betty Warner (see LEADER, July 25) refused time and time again to accept the blood transfusion necessary to keep her alive. Her gamble with certain death was a desperate attempt on her part to persuade her doctors to increase doses of Demerol in hopes an increase of the potent drug would ease what she describes as constant, intolerable pain.

In an interview fraught with weeping and severe distress, Mrs. Warner said, "I just didn't see taking more transfusions just to be kept alive to suffer." Finally when near death, she gave doctors permission to go ahead with the transfusion, thus ending her life and perpetuating a

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Betty Warner's Gamble With Death

(Continued from Page 3)

despairing pattern which could continue, according to her doctors, for many years.

Briefly, Mrs. Warner has an extremely rare blood disease coupled with gastro-intestinal bleeding which has baffled a literal army of doctors across the country. When her blood count and platelet level reaches a certain level, she must have a transfusion. Unable to stop the bleeding for consistent periods, her doctors maintain that this transfusion procedure will have to continue indefinitely. Faced with a lifetime of severe pain, Mrs. Warner claims that doctors have abandoned her alleging that they no longer maintain her blood count at previously determined levels suitable to minimum comfort. Moreover, she claims they have kept her at Oak Knoll against her will, and having found herself labeled as an "uncooperative" patient, is no longer able to persuade doctors of her distress.

In a conference with Dr. John Conger, head of her floor, Dr. R.G. Johnston, floor resident, and Dr. Shute, counseling hematologist, I was able to determine that all three physicians and consulting psychiatrists considered an increase in Mrs. Warner's drug dosage to be dangerous. Not only did they say an increase



need and tolerance but that any short term relief would soon yield undesirable side affects and a proportionate decrease in the drug's effectiveness. Receiving 50 mg. of Demerol every three hours, they said, she already is addicted according to standard definitions. They said everything possible was being done to treat her condition, and though doubting she could get better treatment elsewhere, had not and would not prevent her from leaving the facility if she so

All three doctors were frustrated over her condition and their inability to come up with some 'magic' treatment which would reverse the dismal maintenance procedure which necessitates such constant attention. When asked about possibilities of out-patient care, Dr. Johnston said the dangers were considerable as a result of the rapidity of her bleeding, her high susceptibility to infection, and the increasing difficulty in finding suitable veins for the intravenous injections she needs

Though not doubting the candor nor questioning the unbelievable efforts these and many doctors have devoted to Betty Warner's despairing condition, I was not convinced that they were dealing with her stress and distress with nearly the energy that had gone into her physical problem. In using the word 'game,' Dr. Conger indicated that Mrs. Warner had succeeded in manipulating this reporter into a

host of psychological patterns that somehow diminish the validity of her call to help.

In being ruled psychiatrically competent to rule on whether or not she should die, she apparently fails to qualify for intensive, ongoing treatment so desperately necessary for relieving her stress. Though partially a by-product of her physical problem, with no dramatic hope for improvement she is left with adjustment to pain and its tremendous complex psychological burdens. Though I was told extensive efforts had been made in this regard, I witnessed very poor proof of any success. That an individual as sick as Mrs. Warner be expected

not to be resentful, hostile, frightened, manipulative, angry, and floundered by self-pity is simply to forget how far professional service must go. These doctors have devoted untiring efforts to her medical problem, only. Left with pain and anguish, however, Mrs. Warner can only attempt to do what all sick people do ... ask, cry, or claw for relief. As is she feels she is being left to die. That this process may go on for many years to come, makes it all the more despairing; that she's calling for help seems clear enough; whether she gets the help to make the difference seems up to Oak Knoll